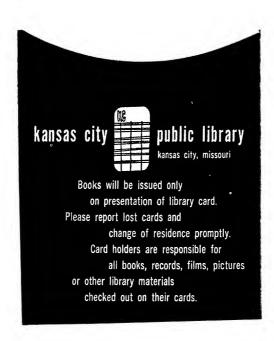


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NEW TORREST

Poems for Red Letter Days

HOLIDAYS

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The holiest of all holidays are those

Kept by ourselves in silence and apart;

The secret anniversaries of the heart,

When the full river of feeling overflows;—

The happy days unclouded to their close;

The sudden joys that out of darkness start

As flames from ashes; swift desires that dart

Like swallows singing down each wind that blows!

White as the gleam of a receding sail,

White as a cloud that floats and fades in air,

White as the whitest lily on a stream,

These tender memories are;—a fairy tale

Of some enchanted land we know not where,

But lovely as a landscape in a dream.

by the same author

Once in the First Times

Heigh-Ho for Halloween

One Thousand Poems for Children

Thirteen Ghostly Yarns

Christmas Everywhere

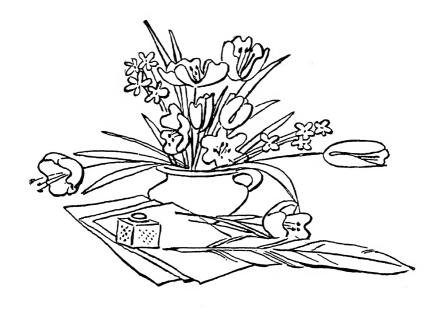
Red Letter Days

New Plays for Red Letter Days

Poems for Red Letter Days

compiled by

Elizabeth Hough Sechrist



illustrated by Guy Fry

Macrae Smith Company: Philadelphia

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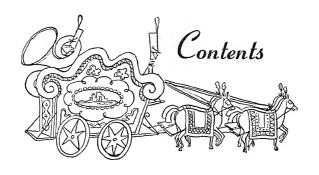
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To My Sisters

MARY I. HOUGH, D.O.

and

HELEN HOUGH CLARK



The Year's Round by Coventry Patmore	25
JANUARY	
January by James Russell Lowell	26
NEW YEARS DAY (January 1)	
New Year Song by Emily Huntington Miller Ring Out Wild Bells by Alfred Tennyson New Year Ditty by Christina G. Rossetti A Song for New Year's Eve by William Cullen Bryant Midnight Mass for the Dying Year by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow The New Year by Horatio Nelson Powers	27 28 29 29 31 33
EPIPHANY (January 6)	
Epiphany by Reginald Heber Twelfth Night Carol Unknown	34 35
ROBERT E. LEE'S BIRTHDAY (January 19)	
Robert E. Lee <i>by Julia Ward Howe</i> The Sword of Robert Lee <i>by Abram J. Ryan</i>	36 36
INAUGURATION DAY (January 20)	
Inauguration Day by Richard Watson Gilder	38
FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY (January 30)	
At Warm Springs by William Rose Benét	39
FEBRUARY	
The Snowdrop by Alfred Tennyson	4 I
	II

CANDLEMAS also GROUND HOG DAY (February 2)	
Candlemas Unknown	42
A Ceremony for Candlemas Day by Robert Herrick	42
Candlemas by Alice Brown	43
ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY (February 12)	
Lincoln Triumphant by Edwin Markham	44
Lincoln by John Gould Fletcher	44
Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight by Vachel Lindsay	45
The Master by Edwin Arlington Robinson Lincoln by Julia Ward Howe	46 4 8
On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln by Richard Watson Gilder	49
Lincoln's Birthday by Richard Henry Stoddard	49
This Dust was Once the Man by Walt Whitman	50
O Captain! My Captain! by Walt Whitman	50
ST. VALENTINE'S DAY (February 14)	
My Valentine by Robert Louis Stevenson	52
A Valentine by Eugene Field	52
Hearts Were Made to Give Away by Annette Wynne	53
A Ditty by Sir Philip Sidney How Do I I and Theel by Flinghath Bounds Browning	54
How Do I Love Thee? by Elizabeth Barrett Browning A Simple Duty by Edgar Allan Poe	54
A Red, Red Rose by Robert Burns	55 55
	,,,
GEORGE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY (February 22)	
Washington by Denis O'Crowley	56
Washington by Harriet Monroe	56
The Twenty-Second of February by William Cullen Bryant	57
The Cincinnatus of the West by George Gordon Byron Crown Our Washington by Hezekiah Butterworth	58 58
Inscription at Mount Vernon Unknown	5° 5 9
Mount Vernon, the Home of Washington by William Day	60
MARCH	
Written in March by William Wordsworth	61
	01
RED CROSS DAY (in Red Cross Month of March)	
Red Cross Day from Red Cross Bulletin	62
The Red Cross by Edna Jacques Santa Filomena by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	62 63
cama I nomena by tiomy wasworm Longjenow	03

SAINT PATRICK'S DAY (March 17)

The Birth of Saint Patrick by Samuel Lover St. Patrick was a Gentleman by Henry Bennett The Green Little Shamrock of Ireland by Andrew Cherry	66 67
FIRST DAY OF SPRING	
The Year's at the Spring by Robert Browning	68
ASH WEDNESDAY	
Ash Wednesday by Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni	69
LENT	
A True Lent by Robert Herrick The Lent Lily by A. E. Housman	70 7 <u>1</u>
PALM SUNDAY	
The Donkey by Gilbert Keith Chesterton	72
GOOD FRIDAY	
Christ Crucified by Richard Crashaw A Ballad of Trees and the Master by Sidney Lanier Sheep and Lambs by Katharine Tynan Hinkson	73 73 74
EASTER	
Rest Remaineth by Robert Browning Assurance by Grace Noll Crowell Easter Music by Margaret Wade Deland An Easter Carol by Christina G. Rossetti Softly Through the Mellow Starlight Unknown Easter by Edwin L. Sabin	75 75 76 77 77 78
APRIL	
Song by William Watson	79
APRIL FOOL'S DAY (April 1)	
All Fools' Day Unknown The First of April by William Hone The First of April by Geoffrey Johnson	80 80 81
	13

PAN AMERICAN DAY (April 14)

Hymn of the New World by Percy MacKaye Panama by James Jeffrey Roche Goethals, the Prophet Engineer by Percy MacKaye The Christ of the Andes by Edwin Markham	82 83 84 85
PATRIOTS' DAY (April 19)	
Concord Hymn by Ralph Waldo Emerson New England's Chevy Chase by Edward Everett Hale Paul Revere's Ride by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	87 88 90
ARBOR DAY (dates vary in different states)	
Motto for a Tree-Planting by Richard Watson Gilder Trees by Bliss Carman The Tree by Jones Very The Poplars by Theodosia Garrison A Young Firwood by Dante G. Rossetti To the Memory of John Burroughs by Catherine Parmenter In Praise of Johnny Appleseed by Vachel Lindsay	95 95 96 97 98 98
BIRD DAY (usually observed with Arbor Day)	
A Blackbird Suddenly by Joseph Auslander Joy of the Morning by Edwin Markham Tampa Robins by Sidney Lanier The Thrush's Nest by John Clare The Swallows by Edwin Arnold	107 108 109 109
MAY	
May by Edmund Spenser	110
MAY DAY (May 1)	
Song on a May Morning <i>by John Milton</i> The May Queen <i>by Alfred Tennyson</i> Corinna's Maying <i>by Robert Herrick</i>	111 111 114
MOTHER'S DAY (2nd Sunday in May)	
The Mother in the House by Hermann Hagedorn Songs for My Mother: Her Hands by Anna Hempstead Branch My Trust by John Greenleaf Whittier Lonesome by Paul Laurence Dunbar	116 117 118 118

A Boy's Mother by James Whitcomb Riley	119
To My Mother by Thomas Moore	120
What Rules the World by William Ross Wallace	120
ARMED FORCES DAY (3rd Saturday in May)	
The Hero by Ambrose Bierce	121
The Reveille by Bret Harte	121
Old Ironsides by Oliver Wendell Holmes	123
John Paul Jones by Richard Watson Gilder	124
The Marines' Hymn Unknown	124
The U.S. Air Force by Robert Crawford	125
I AM AN AMERICAN DAY (3rd Sunday in May)	
Inscription on the Statue of Liberty by Emma Lazarus	127
America the Beautiful by Katherine Lee Bates	127
The American Freedom by Matthew Biller	128
The Star-Spangled Banner by Francis Scott Key	130
America by Samuel Francis Smith	131
MEMORIAL DAY (May 30)	
Bivouac of the Dead by Theodore O'Hara	133
A Ballad of Heroes by Austin Dobson	133
Ode for Decoration Day by Henry Timrod	134
A Monument for the Soldiers by James Whitcomb Riley	135
The Dead by Rupert Brooke	136
Memorial Day by William E. Brooks	137
JUNE	
June by James Russell Lowell	139
FLAG DAY (June 14)	
God Bless the Flag Unknown	141
The Flag Goes By by Henry Holcomb Bennett	141
Old Flag by Hubbard Parker	142
Your Flag and My Flag by Wilbur D. Nesbit	144
Flag Song by Lydia Avery Coonley Ward	145
Betsy's Battle Flag by Minna Irving	145
PIONEER DAY (June 15 and July 24)	
On the Trail to Idaho Unknown	147
The Cowboy by John Antrobus	148
	15

BUNKER HILL DAY (June 17)	
On the Eve of Bunker Hill by Clinton Scollard	150
FATHER'S DAY (3rd Sunday in June)	
The Way to Know a Father by Robert P. Tristram Coffin The Secret Heart by Robert P. Tristram Coffin Forgetful Pa by Edgar A. Guest	151 152 153
FIRST DAY OF SUMMER	
The Throstle by Alfred Tennyson	155
JULY	
July by Susan Hartley Swett	156
INDEPENDENCE DAY (July 4)	
The Fourth of July by John Pierpont Fourth of July Ode by James Russell Lowell The Flower of Liberty by Oliver Wendell Holmes Ode by Ralph Waldo Emerson Yankee Doodle by Edward Bangs	157 158 159 160 162
AUGUST	
In August by William Dean Howells	164
SEPTEMBER	
September by Helen Hunt Jackson	165
LABOR DAY (1st Monday in September)	
Labor by Frances Sargent Osgood Work by Kenyon Cox Quiet Work by Matthew Arnold Work by Henry van Dyke	166 166 167 167
FIRST DAY OF AUTUMN	
Autumn Haze by Richard Kendall Munkittrick	169
AMERICAN INDIAN DAY (4th Friday in September)	
Navajo Prayer by Edward S. Yeomans	170
16	

The Feet of the Young Men by Rudyard Kipling Indian Names by Lydia H. Sigourney	171 174
OCTOBER	
October by Helen McMahan	176
MOVING DAY (October 1)	
Moving Day by Helen M. Hartman	177
COLUMBUS DAY (October 12)	
Immortal Morn by Hezekiah Butterworth The Prayer of Columbus by Walt Whitman Columbian Ode by Paul Laurence Dunbar Columbus by Joaquin Miller	179 180 180 182
UNITED NATIONS' DAY (October 24)	
Federation of the World by Alfred Tennyson Brotherhood by Edwin Markham A Creed by Edwin Markham Peace Universal by Anna H. Thorne Prospect by Thomas Curtis Clark Peace by Clinton Scollard The Winds of God by Clinton Scollard The Fatherland by James Russell Lowell	184 185 185 186 187 188 188
THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY (October 27)	
Sagamore by Corinne Roosevelt Robinson Our Colonel by Arthur Guiterman	190 190
HALLOWEEN (October 31)	
Litany for Halloween Unknown Halloween by Joel Benton The Fairies by Sybil Morford What the Gray Cat Sings by Arthur Guiterman The Bad Kittens by Elizabeth J. Coatsworth	192 192 193 194 195
NOVEMBER	
November by Hartley Coleridge	196
ALL SOULS' DAY (November 2)	
Pray for the Dead by Arthur Dentworth Hamilton Eaton	197
	17

The One Forgotten by Dora Sigerson God's Acre by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	197 198
ELECTION DAY (1st Tuesday after 1st Monday in November)	
The Ballot by John Pierpont God Give Us Men! by Josiah Gilbert Holland The Poor Voter On Election Day by John Greenleaf Whittier Builders of the State by Richard Watson Gilder Politics by Alfred Tennyson	200 200 201 202 203
ARMISTICE DAY (November 11)	
November Eleventh by Katherine Burton It Shall Not Be Again by Thomas Curtis Clark Armistice Day by Roselle Mercier Montgomery In Flanders Fields by John McCrae In Distrust of Merits by Marianne Moore	204 205 205 207 207
THANKSGIVING (4th Thursday in November)	
A Psalm from Psalm 147 The Pumpkin by John Greenleaf Whittier Harvest Hymn by John Greenleaf Whittier Singing the Reapers Homeward Come Unknown	210 210 211 212
DECEMBER	
A December Day by Sara Teasdale	214
FIRST DAY OF WINTER	
Winter Night by Edna St. Vincent Millay	215
FOREFATHER'S DAY (December 22)	
The Word of God to Leyden Came by Jeremiah Eames Rankin The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers by Felicia Dorothea Hemans The Pilgrim Fathers by William Wordsworth American History by Marguerite Janurin Adams	216 217 219 219
CHRISTMAS (December 25)	
The First Christmas from St. Luke 2:8-16 The Light of Bethlehem by John Banister Tabb Prayer by John Farrar Ox and Donkey's Carol by Sister Maris Stella Star of the East by Eugene Field	221 222 222 223 224

The Christmas Candle by Kate Louise Brown Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas Tonight by Phillips Brooks Little Christ Child by Elsie M. Fowler Unto Us a Son Is Given by Alice Meynell A Christmas Folk-Song by Lizette Woodworth Reese A Child's Prayer by Francis Thompson Christmas Bells by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow Christmas In Olden Time by Sir Walter Scott Yule-Tide Fires Unknown A Christmas Carol by Gilbert Keith Chesterton SAINT STEPHEN'S DAY (December 26) Good King Wenceslaus by John M. Neale	224 225 226 227 228 228 230 231 232 233
Good King wencestans by John M. Ivene	2 34
SPECIAL DAYS	
BIRTHDAYS	
A Birthday Song by Richard Watson Gilder Age by Edward Tuck A Wish by Ben Jonson We Are Never Old by Ralph Waldo Emerson My Birthday by Thomas Moore	237 237 238 238 239
COMMENCEMENT	
At Graduating Time Unknown At School-Close by John Greenleaf Whittier At This Farewell by William Wordsworth In a Girls' School by David Morton	240 241 243 243
STATE'S DAY	
A Song for the States by Walt Whitman Alabama by Julia S. Tutwiler Arizona by Margaret Rowe Clifford The Arkansas Traveler by Sanford C. Faulkner The State We Honor by Fanny J. Crosby Our Delaware by George B. Hynson Swanee River by Stephen Collins Foster Georgia by Robert Loveman Here We Have Idaho by Harry A. Powell Illinois by C. H. Chamberlain On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away by Paul Dresser	246 250 252 253 254 255 256 258 258 259
The Song of Iowa by S. H. M. Byers	261

A Home On the Range by John A. Lomax	262
My Old Kentucky Home by Stephen Collins Foster	2 63
Song of Louisiana by Vashti R. Stopher	264
State of Maine Song by Roger Vinton Snow	265
Maryland! My Maryland! by James R. Randall	266
Michigan, My Michigan! by Mrs. Henry F. Lyster	267
Hail! Minnesota! by Truman E. Rickard and Arthur Upson	270
Way Down South in Mississippi by Verne Barnes	271
Montana by Charles C. Cohan	272
My Nebraska by Theodore C. Diers	273
Home Means Nevada by Bertha Raffetto	273
Old New Hampshire by Dr. John F. Holmes	274
Ode to New Jersey by Dr. Elias F. Carr	275
O, Fair New Mexico by Elizabeth Garrett	276
The Old North State by William Gaston	277
North Dakota Hymn by James W. Foley	278
Oklahoma by Harriet Parker Camden	279
Oregon State Song by J. A. Buchanan	280
Pennsylvania by Helen Hall Bucher	281
Rhode Island by T. Clarke Brown	282
Carolina by Henry Timrod	283
Hail! South Dakota by Deecort Hammitt	284
When It's Iris Time In Tennessee by Willa Mae Waid	285
Texas, Our Texas by Gladys Yoakum Wright	286
Utah, We Love Thee by Evan Stephens	287
Hail, Vermont! by Josephine Hovey Perry	288 288
Carry Me Back to Old Virginny by James Bland	
Washington's Song by Dr. Edmond S. Meany	289
The West Virginia Hills by Ellen King and H. E. Engle	290
Wyoming by Charles E. Winter	290
	292
Alaska Unknown	293
Our Native Land by King Kalakaua	294
:	

SPECIAL WEEKS CELEBRATED IN OUR SCHOOLS

BE KIND TO ANIMALS WEEK

Nature's Friend by William Henry Davies	299
Hurt No Living Thing by Christina G. Rossetti	2 99
The Snare by James Stephens	300
Lost Dog by Frances Rodman	301
The Runaway by Robert Frost	301
The Shepherd Dog of the Pyrenees by Ellen Murray	-
1 8	302

BOOK WEEK

Golden Spurs by Virginia Scott Miner	304
"Good From A Book" by Elizabeth Barrett Browning	305
Envoy by Robert Louis Stevenson A Book by Hannah More	306
Old Susan by Walter de la Mare	306
To Robert Browning by Walter Savage Landor	306
In Memory of Lewis Carroll Unknown	3º7 3º8
Dickens in Camp by Bret Harte	308
Emerson by Mary Mapes Dodge	310
Longfellow by James Whitcomb Riley	310
Edgar Allan Poe by Clifford Lanier	311
Shakespeare by Matthew Arnold	311
To Wordsworth by Percy Bysshe Shelley	312
BOY SCOUT WEEK	
A Boy's Prayer by Henry Charles Beeching	313
Rules for the Road by Edwin Markham	313
Forbearance by Ralph Waldo Emerson	314
The Vagabond by Robert Louis Stevenson	314
FIRE PREVENTION WEEK	
Adolphus Elfinstone by Gelett Burgess	316
Chicago by John Greenleaf Whittier	316
Flash: The Fireman's Story by Will Carleton	317
GIRL SCOUT WEEK	
Follow the Gleam by Alfred Tennyson	320
A Prayer by Edwin Markham	320
The Song My Paddle Sings by E. Pauline Johnson	321
Meg Merrilies by John Keats	322
MUSIC WEEK	
Ode by Arthur O'Shaughnessy	324
Music by Walter de la Mare	325
At the Symphony by Robert Nathan	3 2 6
The Violin by Richard Watson Gilder	32 6
Over His Keys by James Russell Lowell	327
A Musical Instrument by Elizabeth Barrett Browning	3 2 7
Orpheus by William Shakespeare	329
The Poet and His Song by Paul Laurence Dunbar	329

Poems for Red Letter Days



THE YEAR'S ROUND

Coventry Patmore

The crocus, while the days are dark, Unfolds its saffron sheen; At April's touch the crudest bark Discovers gems of green.

Then sleep the seasons, full of night,
While slowly swells the pod,
And round the peach, and in the night
The mushroom bursts the sod.

The winter falls, the frozen rut
Is bound with silver bars;
The snowdrift heaps against the hut,
And night is pierced with stars!

JANUARY

James Russell Lowell

There was never a leaf on bush or tree,
The bare boughs rattled shudderingly;
The river was dumb and could not speak,
For the weaver Winter its shroud had spun;
A single crow on the tree-top bleak
From his shining feathers shed off the cold sun;
Again it was morning, but shrunk and cold,
As if her veins were sapless and old,
And she rose up decrepitly
For a last dim look at earth and sea.

New Year's Day

(JANUARY 1)



NEW YEAR SONG

Emily Huntington Miller

They say that the year is old and gray,
That his eyes are dim with sorrow;
But what care we, though he pass away?
For the New Year comes tomorrow.

No sighs have we for the roses fled,
No tears for the vanished summer;
Fresh flowers will spring where the old are dead,
To welcome the glad new comer.

He brings us a gift from the beautiful land We see, in our rosy dreaming, Where the wonderful castles of fancy stand In magical sunshine gleaming.

Then sing, young hearts that are full of cheer, With never a thought of sorrow;
The old goes out, but the glad young year
Comes merrily in tomorrow.

RING OUT WILD BELLS

Alfred Tennyson

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring happy bells, across the snow; The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease, Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace. Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kindlier hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.

NEW YEAR DITTY

Christina G. Rossetti

New Year met me somewhat sad:
Old Year leaves me tired,
Stripped of favorite things I had,
Balked of much desired;
Yet farther on my road today,—
God willing, farther on my way.

New Year, coming on apace,
What have you to give me?
Bring you scathe, or bring you grace,
Face me with an honest face,
You shall not deceive me:
Be it good or ill, be it what you will,
It needs shall help me on my road,
My rugged way to heaven, please God.

A SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE

William Cullen Bryant

Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay—Stay till the good old year,
So long companion of our way,
Shakes hands, and leaves us here.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One little hour, and then away.

The year, whose hopes were high and strong, Has now no hopes to wake;
Yet one hour more of jest and song
For his familiar sake.
Oh stay, oh stay,
One mirthful hour, and then away.

The kindly year, his liberal hands
Have lavished all his store.
And shall we turn from where he stands,
Because he gives no more?
Oh stay, oh stay,
One grateful hour, and then away.

Days brightly came and calmly went,
While yet he was our guest;
How cheerfully the week was spent!
How sweet the seventh day's rest!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One golden hour, and then away.

Dear friends were with us, some who sleep Beneath the coffin lid: What pleasant memories we keep Of all they said and did! Oh stay, oh stay, One tender hour, and then away.

Even while we sing, he smiles his last,
And leaves our sphere behind.
The good old year is with the past;
Oh be the new as kind!
Oh stay, oh stay,
One parting strain, and then away.

MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Yes, the Year is growing old,
And his eye is pale and bleared!
Death, with frosty hand and cold,
Plucks the old man by the beard,
Sorely, sorely!

The leaves are falling, falling,
Solemnly and slow;
Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
It is a sound of woe,
A sound of woe!

Through woods and mountain passes
The winds, like anthems, roll;
They are chanting solemn masses,
Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,
Pray, pray!"

And the hooded clouds, like friars, Tell their beads in drops of rain, And patter their doleful prayers; But their prayers are all in vain, All in vain!

There he stands in the foul weather,
The foolish, fond Old Year,
Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
Like weak, despised Lear
A king, a king!

Then comes the summer-like day,
Bids the old man rejoice!
His joy! his last! Oh, the old man gray
Loveth that ever-soft voice,
Gentle and low.

To the crimson woods he saith,

To the voice gentle and low

Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,

"Pray do not mock me so!

Do not laugh at me!"

And now the sweet day is dead; Cold in his arms it lies; No stain from its breath is spread Over the glassy skies, No mist or stain!

Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
And the forests utter a moan,
Like the voice of one who crieth
In the wilderness alone,
"Vex not his ghost!"

Then comes, with an awful roar, Gathering and sounding on, The storm-wind from Labrador, The wind Euroclydon, The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest Sweep the red leaves away! Would the sins that thou abhorrest, O soul! could thus decay, And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast, There shall be a darker day; And the stars, from heaven downcast Like red leaves be swept away! Kyrie, eleyson! Christe, eleyson!

THE NEW YEAR

Horatio Nelson Powers

A Flower unblown: a Book unread: A Tree with fruit unharvested: A Path untrod: a House whose rooms Lack yet the heart's divine perfumes: This is the Year that for you waits Beyond Tomorrow's mystic gates.

Epiphany

(JANUARY 6)

EPIPHANY

Reginald Heber

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining; Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall; Angels adore Him in slumber reclining— Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine—
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean—
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation, Vainly with gold would His favor secure; Richer by far is the heart's adoration, Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid! Star of the East, the horizon adorning, Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

TWELFTH NIGHT CAROL

Unknown

Here we come a-whistling through the fields so green; Here we come a-singing, so fair to be seen. God send you happy, God send you happy, Pray God send you a happy New Year!

Bring out your little table and spread it with a cloth, Bring out your jug of milk, likewise your Christmas loaf. God send you happy, God send you happy, Pray God send you a happy New Year!

God bless the master of this house, God bless the mistress too; And all the little children that round the table go. God send you happy, God send you happy,

Pray God send you a happy New Year!

Robert E. Lee's Birthday

(born JANUARY 19, 1807)

ROBERT E. LEE

Julia Ward Howe

A gallant foeman in the fight, A brother when the fight was o'er, The hand that led the host with might The blessed torch of learning bore.

No shriek of shells nor roll of drums, No challenge fierce, resounding far, When reconciling Wisdom comes To heal the cruel wounds of war.

Thought may the minds of men divide, Love makes the heart of nations one, And so, thy soldier grave beside, We honor thee, Virginia's son.

THE SWORD OF ROBERT LEE

Abram J. Ryan

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave in the cause of Right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon light,
Led us to Victory!

Out of its scabbard, where, full long,
It slumbered peacefully,
Roused from its rest by the battle's song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, avenging the wrong,
Gleamed the sword of Lee.

Forth from its scabbard, high in air
Beneath Virginia's sky;
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear
That where that sword led they would dare
To follow—and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for brighter land,
Nor brighter land had cause so grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! How we prayed
That sword might victor be;
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee.

Forth from its scabbard all in vain
Bright flashed the sword of Lee;
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,
Defeated, yet without a stain,
Proudly and peacefully.

Inauguration Day

(JANUARY 20)

INAUGURATION DAY

Richard Watson Gilder

On this great day a child of time and fate On a new path of power doth stand and wait.

Tho' heavy-burdened shall his heart rejoice, Dowered with a nation's faith, an empire's choice.

Who hath no strength, but that the people give, And in their wills, alone, his will doth live.

On this one day, this, this, is their one man, The well-beloved, the chief American!

Whose people are his brothers, fathers, sons: In this his strength, and not a million guns.

Whose power is mightier than the mightiest crown, Because that soon he lays that power down.

Whose wish, linked to the people's, shall exceed The force of civic wrong and banded greed.

Whose voice, in friendship or in warning heard Brings to the nations a free people's word;

And, where the opprest out from the darkness grope, 'T is as the voice of freedom and of hope.

O pray that he may rightly rule the state, And grow, in truly serving, truly great.

Iranklin Delano Roosevelt's Birthday

(born JANUARY 30, 1882)

AT WARM SPRINGS

William Rose Benét

In the room at Warm Springs, In the house on the hill, Something quietly sings Lingering still:

Warm and loving thought Of a brave heart, That cannot be taught By any art.

The cold and clever say What was, or portends. Their words will pass away. Here were his friends.

Though by the blind reviled, His hope for Man was one. The crippled child Smiled in the sun.

With valor his heart beat Though War was a bloody cloud. The tired man in the street Looked up more proud. Bold, many-sided mind, Questing for all the door From midnight blind To day once more,

Here his heart is a shield, The sunlight sings; The crippled child is healed At Warm Springs.

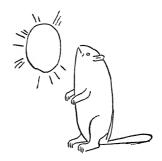
THE SNOWDROP

Alfred Tennyson

Many, many welcomes, February fair-maid, Ever as of old time, Solitary firstling, Coming in the cold time, Prophet of the gay time, Prophet of the May time, Prophet of the roses, Many, many welcomes, February fair-maid!

Candlemas also Ground Hog Day

(FEBRUARY 2)



CANDLEMAS

Unknown

If Candlemas Day be dry and fair, The half o' winter's to come and mair; If Candlemas Day be wet and foul, The half o' winter's gone at Yule.

A CEREMONY FOR CANDLEMAS DAY

Robert Herrick

Down with the rosemary and so Down with bays and mistletoe; Down with the holly, ivy, all Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall; That so the superstitious find No one least branch there left behind; For look, how many leaves then be Neglected there, maids, trust to me, So many goblins you shall see.

CANDLEMAS

Alice Brown

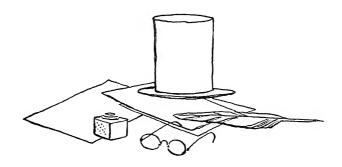
O hearken, all ye little weeds
That lie beneath the snow,
(So low, dear hearts, in poverty so low!)
The sun hath risen for royal deeds,
A valiant wind the vanguard leads;
Now quicken ye, lest unborn seeds
Before ye rise and blow.

O furry living things, adream
On Winter's drowsy breast,
(How rest ye there, how softly, safely rest!)
Arise and follow where a gleam
Of wizard gold unbinds the stream,
And all the woodland windings seem
With sweet expectance blest.

My birds, come back! the hollow sky
Is weary for your note.
(Sweet-throat, come back! O liquid, mellow throat!)
Ere May's soft minions hereward fly,
Shame on ye, laggards, to deny
The brooding breast, the sun-bright eye,
The tawny, shining coat!

Abraham Lincoln's Birthday

(born FEBRUARY 12, 1809)



LINCOLN TRIUMPHANT

Edwin Markham

Lincoln is not dead. He lives
In all that pities and forgives.
He has arisen, and sheds a fire
That makes America aspire.
Even now, as when in life he led,
He leads us onward from the dead;
Yes, over the whole wide world he bends
To make the world a world of friends.

LINCOLN

John Gould Fletcher

Like a gaunt, scraggly pine Which lifts its head above the mournful sandhills; And patiently, through dull years of bitter silence, Untended and uncared for, starts to grow. Ungainly, laboring, huge,

The wind of the north has twisted and gnarled its branches;

Yet in the heat of mid-summer days, when thunder clouds ring the horizon,

A nation of men shall rest beneath its shade.

And it shall protect them all, Hold everyone safe there, watching aloof in silence; Until at last, one mad stray bolt from the zenith Shall strike it in an instant down to earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

Vachel Lindsay

It is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old courthouse pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play,
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black, A famous high-top hat and plain worn shawl Make him the quaint great figure that men love, The prairie lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.

He is among us;—as in times before!

And we who toss and lie awake for long

Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.

He sees the dreadnoughts scouring every main.

He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now

The bitterness, the folly and the pain.

THE MASTER

Edwin Arlington Robinson

A flying word from here and there Had sown the name at which we sneered, But soon the name was everywhere, To be reviled and then revered: A presence to be loved and feared, We cannot hide it, or deny That we, the gentlemen who jeered, May be forgotten by and by.

He came when days were perilous And hearts of men were sore beguiled; And having made his note of us, He pondered and was reconciled. Was ever master yet so mild As he, and so untamable? We doubted, even when he smiled, Not knowing what he knew so well.

He knew that undeceiving fate
Would shame us whom he served unsought;
He knew that he must wince and wait—
The jest of those for whom he fought;
He knew devoutly what he thought
Of us and of our ridicule;
He knew that we must all be taught
Like little children in a school.

We gave a glamour to the task That he encountered and saw through, But little of us did he ask, And little did we ever do. And what appears if we review The season when we railed and chaffed? It is the face of one who knew That we were learning while we laughed.

The face that in our vision feels
Again the venom that we flung,
Transfigured to the world reveals
The vigilance to which we clung.
Shrewd, hallowed, harassed, and among
The mysteries that are untold,
The face we see was never young,
Nor could it ever have been old.

For he, to whom we have applied Our shopman's test of age and worth, Was elemental when he died, As he was ancient at his birth: The saddest among kings of earth, Bowed with a galling crown, this man Met rancor with a cryptic mirth, Laconic—and Olympian.

The love, the grandeur, and the fame Are bounded by the world alone; The culm, the smouldering, and the flame Gardwful patience were his own: With him they are forever flown Past all our fond self-shadowings, Wherewith we cumber the Unknown As with inept Icarian wings.

For we were not as other men: "Twas ours to soar and his to see, But we are coming down again, And we shall come down pleasantly; Nor shall we longer disagree On what it is to be sublime, But flourish in our perigee And have one Titan at a time.

LINCOLN

Julia Ward Howe

Through the dim pageant of the years A wondrous tracery appears; A cabin of the Western wild Shelters to sleep a newborn child.

Nor nurse, nor parent dear can know The way those infant feet must go; And yet a nation's help and hope Are sealed within that horoscope.

Beyond is toil for daily bread And thought, to noble issues led, And courage arming for the morn For whose behest this man was born.

A man of homely, rustic ways, Yet he achieves the forum's praise, And soon earth's highest meed has won, The seat and sway of Washington.

No throne of honors and delights; Distrustful days and sleepless nights, To struggle, suffer, and aspire, Like Israel, led by cloud and fire.

A treacherous shot, a sob of rest, A martyr's palm upon his breast, A welcome from the glorious seat Where blameless souls of heroes meet. And thrilling through unmeasured days, A song of gratitude and praise; A cry that all the earth shall heed, To God, who gave him for our need.

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Richard Watson Gilder

This bronze doth keep the very form and mold
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY

Richard Henry Stoddard

This man whose homely face you look upon,
Was one of nature's masterful, great men;
Born with strong arms, that unfought battles won;
Direct of speech, and cunning with the pen.
Chosen for large designs, he had the art
Of winning with his humor, and he went
Straight to his mark, which was the human heart;
Wise, too, for what he could not break he bent.
Upon his back a more than Atlas-load,

The burden of the Commonwealth, was laid; He stooped, and rose up to it, though the road Shot suddenly downwards, not a whit dismayed. Hold, warriors, councillors, kings! All now give place To this dear benefactor of the race.

THIS DUST WAS ONCE THE MAN

Walt Whitman

This dust was once the man, Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose cautious hand, Against the foulest crime in history known in any land or age, Was saved the Union of these States.

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

Walt Whitman

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells: Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills, For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding, For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here, Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

St. Valentine's Day

(FEBRUARY 14)



MY VALENTINE

Robert Louis Stevenson

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight Of bird song at morning and starshine at night. I will make a palace fit for you and me, Of green days in forests And blue days at sea.

A VALENTINE

Eugene Field

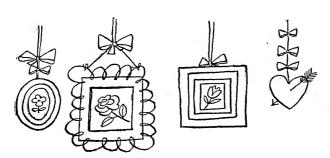
Go, Cupid, and my sweetheart tell I love her well.
Yes, though she tramples on my heart And rends that bleeding thing apart; And though she rolls a scornful eye On doting me when I go by; And though she scouts at everything As tribute unto her I bring—Apple, banana, caramel—Haste, Cupid, to my love and tell, In spite of all, I love her well!

And further say I have a sled Cushioned in blue and painted red! The groceryman has promised I Can "hitch" whenever he goes by-Go, tell her that, and, furthermore, Apprise my sweetheart that a score Of other little girls implore The boon of riding on that sled Painted and hitched, as aforesaid;—And tell her, Cupid, only she Shall ride upon that sled with me! Tell her this all, and further tell I love her well.

HEARTS WERE MADE TO GIVE AWAY

Annette Wynne

Hearts were made to give away
On Valentine's good day;
Wrap them up in dainty white,
Send them off the thirteenth night,
Any kind of heart that's handy—
Hearts of lace, and hearts of candy,
Hearts all trimmed with ribbands fine
Send for good St. Valentine.
Hearts were made to give away
On Valentine's dear day.



A DITTY

Sir Philip Sidney

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his, By just exchange one for another given: I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss, There never was a better bargain driven: My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one, My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides: He loves my heart, for once it was his own, I cherish his because in me it bides: My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

HOW DO I LOVE THEE?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways. I love thee to the depth and breadth and height My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of Being and ideal Grace. I love thee to the level of everyday's Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light. I love thee freely, as men strive for Right! I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise. I love thee with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith. I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath, Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose, I shall but love thee better after death.

A SIMPLE DUTY

Edgar Allan Poe

Thou wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art,'
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.

A RED, RED ROSE

Robert Burns

O, my luve's like a red, red rose, That's newly sprung in June; O, my luve's like the melodie, That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, So deep in luve am I; And I will luve thee still, my dear, 'Till a' the seas gang dry.

'Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the rocks melt wi' the sun; And I will luve thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee well, my only luve! And fare thee well awhile! And I will come again, my luve, Tho' it were ten thousand mile!

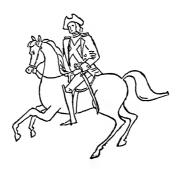
George Washington's Birthday

(born FEBRUARY 22, 1732)

WASHINGTON

Denis O'Crowley

Thou gallant Chief whose glorious name Doth still adorn the Book of Fame: Whose deeds shall live while freemen prize The cause for which the Patriot dies, Long to Columbia may'st thou be The beacon light of Liberty.



WASHINGTON

Harriet Monroe

Oh, hero of our younger race!
Great builder of a temple new!
Ruler, who sought no lordly place!
Warrior who sheathed the sword he drew!

Lover of men, who saw afar A world unmarred by want or war, Who knew the path, and yet forbore
To tread, till all men should implore;
Who saw the light, and led the way
Where the gray world might greet the day;

Father and leader, prophet sure,
Whose will in vast works shall endure,
How shall we praise him on this day of days,
Great son of fame who has no need of praise?

How shall we praise him? Open wide the doors
Of the fair temple whose broad base he laid.
Through its white halls a shadowy cavalcade
Of heroes moves o'er unresounding floors—
Men whose brawned arms upraised these colors high
And reared the towers that vanish in the sky,—
The strong who, having wrought, can never, never die.

THE TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY

William Cullen Bryant

Pale is the February sky,
And brief the mid-day's sunny hours;
The wind-swept forest seems to sigh
For the sweet time of leaves and flowers.

Yet has no month a prouder day, Not even when the summer broods O'er meadows in their fresh array, Or autumn tints the glowing woods.

For this chill season now again Brings, in its annual round, the morn When, greatest of the sons of men, Our glorious Washington was born.

Lo, where, beneath an icy shield, Calmly the mighty Hudson flows! By snow-clad fell and frozen field, Broadening the lordly river goes.

The wildest storm that sweeps through space,
And rends the oak with sudden force,
Can raise no ripple on his face,
Or slacken his majestic course.

Thus, 'mid the wreck of thrones, shall live Unmarred, undimmed, our hero's fame, And years succeeding years shall give Increase of honors to his name.

THE CINCINNATUS OF THE WEST

George Gordon Byron

Where may the wearied eye repose
When gazing on the Great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dare not hate,
Bequeath the name of Washington,
To make men blush there was but one!

(from Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte)

CROWN OUR WASHINGTON

Hezekiah Butterworth

Arise—'Tis the day of our Washington's glory,
The garlands uplift for our liberties won;
Forever let Youth tell the patriot's story,
Whose sword swept for freedom the fields of the sun!
Not with gold, nor with gems,
But with evergreens vernal,

And the banners of stars that the continent span, Crown, crown we the chief of the heroes eternal, Who lifted his sword for the birthright of man!

He gave us a nation; to make it immortal

He laid down for Freedom the sword that he drew,
And his faith leads us on through the uplifting portal

Of the glories of peace and our destinies new.

Not with gold, nor with gems, But with evergreens vernal,

And the flags that the nations of liberty span, Crown, crown him the chief of the heroes eternal, Who laid down his sword for the birthright of man!

O Spirit of Liberty, sweet are thy numbers!
The winds to thy banners their tribute shall bring,
While rolls the Potomac where Washington slumbers,
And his natal day comes with the angels of spring.

We follow thy counsels,

O hero eternal!

To highest achievement the school leads the van, And, crowning thy brow with the evergreen vernal, We pledge thee our all to the service of man!

INSCRIPTION AT MOUNT VERNON

Unknown

Washington, the brave, the wise the good,
Supreme in war, in council, and in peace,
Valiant without ambition, discreet without fear,
Confident without presumption.
In disaster, calm; in success, moderate; in all, himself.
The hero, the patriot, the Christian.
The father of nations, the friend of mankind,
Who, when he had won all, renounced all,
And sought in the bosom of his family and of nature, retirement,
And in the hope of religion, immortality.

MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON

William Day

There dwelt the Man, the flower of human kind, Whose visage mild bespoke his nobler mind.

There dwelt the Soldier, who his sword ne'er drew But in a righteous cause, to Freedom true.

There dwelt the Hero, who ne'er killed for fame, Yet gained more glory than a Caesar's name.

There dwelt the Statesman, who, devoid of art, Gave soundest counsels from an upright heart;

And, O Columbia, by the sons caressed, There dwelt the Father of the realms he blessed; Who no wish felt to make his mighty praise, Like other chiefs, the means himself to raise; But there retiring, breathed in pure renown, And felt a grandeur that disdained a crown.

WRITTEN IN MARCH

William Wordsworth

The cock is crowing, The stream is flowing. The small birds twitter, The lake doth glitter, The green field sleeps in the sun: The oldest and youngest Are at work with the strongest: The cattle are grazing, Their heads never raising, There are forty feeding like one! Like an army defeated, The snow hath retreated, And now doth fare ill On top of the bare hill; The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon: There's joy in the mountains, There's life in the fountains; Small clouds are sailing, Blue sky prevailing, The rain is over and gone!



RED CROSS DAY

from Red Cross Bulletin

"Consecrated to the needs of humanity and inspired by the love of man for his fellow, I go forth to help the unfortunate, to make strong the weak, to teach the gospel of clean living and well being."

THE RED CROSS

Edna Jacques

A little scarlet emblem
On a field of snowy white,—
But who shall judge the measure
Of its valor and its might?
It braves the fiercest battle-ground;
It sails the seven seas;
It floats wherever people live
On every summer breeze.

The wounded call it blessed,
And the sick and maimed and old
Bend trembling lips in agony
To kiss each shining fold.

The homeless lift their weary eyes
Above a bombed-out street
And see in it a blessed hope
Their direst needs to meet.

A little home-made scarlet cross,
So often frayed and torn,
Circling the world on ships and wings
And ever proudly borne.
The symbol of our Christian faith
In love and mercy blows:
God keep it flying brave and white
Wherever suffering goes.

SANTA FILOMENA

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought, Whene'er is spoken a noble thought, Our hearts, in glad surprise, To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls Into our inmost being rolls, And lifts us unawares Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds Thus help us in our daily needs, And by their overflow Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read Of the great army of the dead, The trenches cold and damp, The starved and frozen camp,— The wounded from the battle-plain In dreary hospitals of pain, The cheerless corridors, The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss, The speechless sufferer turns to kiss Her shadow, as it falls Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be Opened and then closed suddenly, The vision came and went, The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long Hereafter of her speech and song, That light its rays shall cast From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand In the great history of the land, A noble type of good, Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here The palm, the lily, and the spear, The symbols that of yore Saint Filomena bore.

Saint Patrick's Day

(MARCH 17)



THE BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK

Samuel Lover

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That Saint Pathrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare, 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake, between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the babby—and some blamed the clock—
Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

Now the first faction-fight in ould Ireland, they say, Was all on account of Saint Pathrick's birthday; Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die, And who wouldn't see right, sure they blacken'd his eye! At last, both the factions so positive grew, That each kept a birthday, so Pat then had two, Till Father Mulcahy, who show'd them their sins, Said, "No one could have two birthdays, but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine, Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine; Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday,"—"Amen," says the clerk.
"If he wasn't a twins, sure our history will show
That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know!"
Then they all got blind dhrunk—which complated their bliss,
And we keep up the practice from that day to this.

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN

Henry Bennett

Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
O! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill, much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir.
'Twas on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.
So, success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
O! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

THE GREEN LITTLE SHAMROCK OF IRELAND

Andrew Cherry

There's a dear little plant that grows in our isle,
"Twas St. Patrick himself sure that set it;
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It thrives through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland;
And he called it the dear little shamrock of Ireland—
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

This dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch, whose eyes can command,
In each climate that they may appear in;
And shine through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland,
Just like our own dear little shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

This dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes on one stalk we together should toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
And still through the bog, through the brake, and the mireland,
From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland,
The sweet little shamrock, the dear little shamrock,
The sweet little, green little, shamrock of Ireland!

First Day of Spring



THE YEAR'S AT THE SPRING

Robert Browning

The year's at the spring, And day's at the morn; Morning's at seven; The hill-side's dew-pearled; The lark's on the wing; The snail's on the thorn; God's in His heaven— All's right with the world!

Ash Wednesday

ASH WEDNESDAY

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

Of votive lights there were only seven,
And each burned a prayer to the God in heaven.
Five candles were blue, one green, and one red,
Six burned for the living, and one for the dead.
The belfry was old and the church was bare,
Only the voice of the wind and the rain was there.
"I can snuff the candles," said the voice of the rain
As downward it drifted through a cracked window pane,
"I can snuff the candles!" said the wind in the eaves,
"Who cares for a hope, or a heart that grieves?"
And the bluc lights flickered, and the green one died
Before the bowed head of the meek Crucified.
But the last to flicker was the one bright red—
The candle that burned for the lonely dead.

Lent

A TRUE LENT

Robert Herrick

Is this a fast, to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or Ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?

No: 'tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin;
Not bin:
And that's to keep thy Lent.

THE LENT LILY

A. E. Housman

'Tis spring; come out to ramble
The hilly brakes around,
For under thorn and bramble
About the hollow ground
The primroses are found.

And there's the windflower chilly With all the winds at play, And there's the Lenten lily That has not long to stay And dies on Easter day.

And since till girls go maying
You find the primrose still,
And find the windflower playing
With every wind at will,
But not the daffodil.

Bring baskets now, and sally
Upon the spring's array,
And bear from hill and valley
The daffodil away
That dies on Easter day.

Palm Sunday

THE DONKEY

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

When fishes flew and forests walked And figs grew upon the thorn, Some moment when the moon was blood Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry And ears like errant wings, The devil's walking parody On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour; One far fierce hour and sweet: There was a shout about my ears, And palms before my feet.

Good Friday

CHRIST CRUCIFIED

Richard Crashaw

Thy restless feet now cannot go
For us and our eternal good,
As they were ever wont. What though
They swim, alas! in their own flood?

Thy hands to give Thou canst not lift, Yet will Thy hand still giving be; It gives, but Oh, itself's the gift! It gives tho' bound, tho' bound 'tis free!

A BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Sidney Lanier

Into the woods my Master went, Clean forspent, forspent. Into the woods my Master came, Forspent with love and shame. But the olives they were not blind to Him; The little gray leaves were kind to Him; The thorn-tree had a mind to Him When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went, And He was well content. Out of the woods my Master came, Content with death and shame. When Death and Shame would woo Him last, From under the trees they drew Him last: 'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last When out of the woods He came.

SHEEP AND LAMBS

Katharine Tynan Hinkson

All in the April morning,
April airs were abroad;
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs Pass'd me by on the road; All in an April evening I thought on the Lamb of God.

The lambs were weary, and crying With a weak human cry, I thought on the Lamb of God Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet:
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad;
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

Easter



REST REMAINETH

Robert Browning

Easter day breaks!
Christ rises! Mercy every way is infinite—
Earth breaks up; time drops away;
In flows heaven with its new day
Of endless life—
What is left for us save in growth
Of soul to rise up . . .
From the gift looking to the giver,
And from the cistern to the river,
And from the finite to infinity,
And from man's dust to God's divinity.

ASSURANCE A

Grace Noll Crowell

I walked this Easter morning in the wood And found it good To move along the moss-thick aisles and feel The quick desire to kneel In that great dim cathedral, still and vast.
Surely the Lord has passed
That way. I saw His sandal footprints there,
And on my hair
I felt His hand as the golden sun streamed through
The small leaves thin and new,
And in the wind of spring I heard His voice
Bidding my heart rejoice.

"I am the resurrection and the life,"
He said, and the wood was rife
With stem and bud and leaf and opening flower
Rising that very hour
Out of the darkness with the winter past.
Thus I, some far-off dawn
Will arise and take my sure and certain way
Into eternal day,
Swifter than the arrows of the wind can go—
Christ says it will be so.

EASTER MUSIC

Margaret Wade Deland

Blow, golden trumpets, sweet and clear, Blow soft upon the perfumed air; Bid the sad earth to join our song, "To Christ does victory belong!"

Oh, let the winds your message bear To every heart of grief and care; Sound through the world the joyful lay, "Our Christ hath conquered Death today!"

On cloudy wings let glad words fly Through the soft blue of echoing sky: Ring out, O trumpets, sweet and clear, "Through Death immortal Life is here!"

AN EASTER CAROL

Christina G. Rossetti

Spring bursts today,

For Christ is risen and all the earth's at play.

Flash forth, thou Sun, The rain is over and gone, its work is done. Winter is past, Sweet Spring is come at last, is come at last. Bud, Fig and Vine, Bud, Olive, fat with fruit and oil and-wine. Break forth this morn In roses, thou but yesterday a Thorn. Uplift thy head, O pure white Lily through the Winter dead. Beside vour dams Leap and rejoice, you merry-making Lambs. All Herds and Flocks Rejoice, all Beasts of thickets and of rocks. Sing, Creatures, sing, Angels and Men and Birds and everything. All notes of Doves Fill all our world: this is the time of loves.

SOFTLY THROUGH THE MELLOW STARLIGHT

Unknown

Softly through the mellow starlight
Steals a strain of silver song:
Lo! the echoing hills proclaim it,
Waft the glad refrain along.
Glory, glory, Christ is risen!
Whispered in the starlit way,

List' the lovely shades re-echo Christ the Lord is risen today.

Happy bands in shining raiment Fill the arch of Heaven's dome, Sweep their hearts to strains so tender Wafted from their distant home.

Softly through life's shaded valley
Comes once more the silverstrain,
Borne on angel pinions to us,
And we join the sweet refrain.
Glory, glory, Christ is risen!
Whispered in the starlit way,
List' the lovely shades re-echo
Christ the Lord is risen today!

EASTER

Edwin L. Sabin

The barrier stone has rolled away,
And loud the angels sing;
The Christ comes forth this blessed day
To reign, a deathless King.
For shall we not believe He lives
Through such awakening?
Behold, how God each April gives
The miracle of Spring.

SONG

William Watson

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears,
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears.
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

April Fools' Day

(APRIL 1)



ALL FOOLS' DAY

Unknown

The First of April, some do say
Is set apart for All Fools' Day;
But why the people call it so
Nor I, nor they themselves, do know.
But on this day are people sent
On purpose for pure merriment.

——(from Poor Robin's Almanack)

THE FIRST OF APRIL

William Hone

When indoor young ones club their wicked wits, And almost frighten servants into fits—
"Oh, John! James! John!— Oh, quick! oh, Molly, oh! Oh, the trap-door! oh, Molly! down below!"
"What, what's the matter!" scream, with wild surprise, John, James, and Molly, while the young ones' cries Redouble till they come; then all the boys Shout, "Ah, you April fools!" with clamorous noise; And little girls, enticed downstairs to see, Stand peeping, clap their hands, and cry "Te-hee!" Each gibing boy escapes a different way, And meet again, some trick "as good as that" to play.

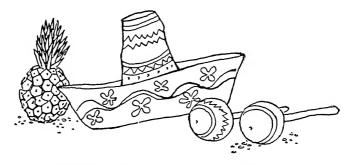
THE FIRST OF APRIL

Geoffrey Johnson

Today the swards of heaven are merry: It is not dew alone, but laughter That shakes the whiteness of wild cherry And sets the blackbirds ringing after. The saints of earth who got derision And stripes for their translunar dreaming, The fools of all the world whose vision Was set on brave impossible scheming Have somehow met and greet each other Like rivers to one ocean running: Saint Francis hails Columbus brother, Sir Thomas More and Lamb are punning. The clouds are splendour-splashed or frowning In antics of divine unreason: Saint Hilary leads the fools in clowning And Goldsmith flutes the saintly glees on, While blackbirds mimic with their laughter The cries, "Who thought it would ensue, sir, That we should meet such ages after? A merry First to you . . . and you, sir."

Pan American Day

(APRIL 14)



HYMN OF THE NEW WORLD

Percy MacKaye

A star—a star in the west!
Out of the wave it rose:
And it led us forth on a world-far quest;
Where the mesas scorched and the moorlands froze.
It lured us without rest:
With yearning, yearning—ah!
It sang (as it beckoned us)
A music vast, adventurous—
America!

A star—a star in the night!
Out of our hearts it dawned!
And it poured within its wonderful light;
Where our hovels gloomed and our hunger spawned
It healed our passionate blight:
And burning, burning—ah!
It clanged (as it kindled us)
Of a freedom proud and perilous—
America!

A star—a star in the dawn!
Bright from God's brow it gleams!
Like a morning star in ages gone
With hallowed song its holy beams
Urge us forever on:
For chanting, chanting—ah!
It builds (as it blesses us)
A union strong, harmonious—
America!

PANAMA

James Jeffrey Roche

Here the oceans twain have waited All the ages to be mated— Waited long and waited vainly, Though the script was written plainly: "This, the portal of the sea, Opes for him who holds the key; Here the empire of the earth Waits in patience for its birth."

But the Spanish monarch, dimly Seeing little, answered grimly: "North and South the land is Spain's; As God gave it, it remains. He who seeks to break the tie, By mine honor, he shall die!"

So the centuries rolled on,
And the gift of great Colon,
Like a spendthrift's heritage,
Dwindled slowly, age by age,
Till the flag of red and gold
Fell from hands unnerved and old,
And the granite-pillared gate
Waited still the key of fate.

Who shall hold that magic key But the child of destiny, In whose veins has mingled long All the best blood of the strong? He who takes his place by grace Of no single tribe or race, But by many a rich bequest From the bravest and the best. Sentinel of duty, here Must he guard a hemisphere.

Let the old world keep its ways; Naught to him its blame or praise; Naught its greed, or hate, or fear; For all swords be sheathed here. Yea, the gateway shall be free Unto all, from sea to sea; And no fratricidal slaughter Shall defile its sacred water; But—the hand that ope'd the gate Shall forever hold the key!

GOETHALS, THE PROPHET ENGINEER

Percy MacKaye

A man went down to Panama
Where many a man had died
To slit the sliding mountains
And lift the eternal tide:
A man stood up in Panama,
And the mountains stood aside.

For a poet wrought in Panama
With a continent for his theme,
And he wrote with flood and fire
To forge a planet's dream,
And the derricks rang his dithyrambs
And his stanzas roared in steam.

Where old Balboa bent his gaze
He leads the liners through,
And the Horn that tossed Magellan
Bellows a far halloo,
For where the navies never sailed
Steamed Goethals and his crew.

So nevermore the tropic routes
Need poleward warp and veer,
But on through the Gates of Goethals
The steady keels shall steer,
Where the tribes of man are led toward peace
By the prophet-engineer.

THE CHRIST OF THE ANDES

Edwin Markham

After volcanoes husht with snows, Up where the wide-winged condor goes, Great Aconcagua, husht and high, Sends down the ancient peace of the sky.

So, poised in clean Andean air, Where bleak with cliffs the grim peaks stare, Christ, reaching out his sacred hands, Sheds his brave peace upon the lands.

There once of old wild battles roared And brother-blood was on the sword; Now all the fields are rich with grain And only roses redden the plain.

Torn were the peoples with feuds and hates—Fear on the mountain-walls, death at the gates; Then through the clamor of arms was heard A whisper of the Master's word.

"Fling down your swords; be friends again: Ye are not wolf-packs: ye are men. Let brother-counsel be the Law: Not serpent fang, not tiger claw."

Chile and Argentina heard; The great hopes in their spirits stirred; The red swords from their clenched fists fell, And heaven shone out where once was hell!

They hurled their cannons into flame And out of the forge the strong Christ came. 'Twas thus they molded in happy fire The tall Christ of their hearts' desire...

O Christ of Olivet, you husht the wars Under the far Andean stars:
Lift now your strong nail-wounded hands
Over all peoples, over all lands—
Stretch out those comrade hands to be
A shelter over land and sea!

Patriots' Day

(APRIL 19)



CONCORD HYMN

Ralph Waldo Emerson

By the rude bridge that arched the flood, Their flag to April's breeze unfurled, Here once the embattled farmers stood, And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept; Alike the conqueror silent sleeps; And Time the ruined bridge has swept Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream, We set today a votive stone; That memory may their deed redeem, When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare To die, and leave their children free, Bid Time and Nature gently spare The shaft we raise to them and thee.

NEW ENGLAND'S CHEVY CHASE

Edward Everett Hale

"Twas the dead of the night. By the pine knot's red light Brooks lay, half-asleep, when he heard the alarm,— Only this, and no more, from a voice at the door: "The Red-Coats are out, and have passed Phips's farm."

Brooks was booted and spurred; he said never a word:

Took his horn from its peg, and his gun from the rack;

To the cold midnight air he led out his white mare,

Strapped the girths and the bridle, and sprang to her back.

Up the North County road at her full pace she strode, Till Brooks reined her up at John Tarbell's to say, "We have got the alarm,—they have left Phips's farm; You rouse the East Precinct, and I'll go this way."

John called his hired man, and they harnessed the span; They roused Abram Garfield, and Abram called me: "Turn out right away; let no minute-man stay; The Red-Coats have landed at Phips's," says he.

By the Powder-House Green seven others fell in; At Nahum's the men from the Saw-Mill came down; So that when Jabez Bland gave the word of command, And said, "Forward, march!" there marched forward the town.

Parson Wilderspin stood by the side of the road,
And he took off his hat, and he said, "Let us pray!
O Lord, God of might, let thine angels of light
Lead thy children tonight to the glories of day!
And let thy stars fight all the foes of the Right
As the stars fought of old against Sisera."

And from heaven's high arch those stars blessed our march, Till the last of them faded in twilight away; And with morning's bright beam, by the banks of the stream Half the county marched in, and we heard Davis say: "On the King's own highway I may travel all day,
And no man hath warrant to stop me," says he;
"I've no man that's afraid, and I'll march at their head."
Then he turned to the boys, "Forward, march! Follow me."

And we marched as he said, and the Fifer he played
The old "White Cockade," and he played it right well.
We saw Davis fall dead, but no man was afraid;
That bridge we'd have had, though a thousand men fell.

This opened the play, and it lasted all day.

We made Concord too hot for the Red-Coats to stay;

Down the Lexington way we stormed, black, white, and gray.

We were first in the feast, and were last in the fray.

They would turn in dismay, as red wolves turn at bay.
They levelled, they fired, they charged up the road.
Cephas Willard fell dead; he was shot in the head
As he knelt by Aunt Prudence's well-sweep to load.

John Danforth was hit just in Lexington Street,
John Bridge at that lane where you cross Beaver Falls,
And Winch and the Snows just above John Munroe's—
Swept away by one swoop of the big cannon-balls.

I took Bridge on my knee, but he said, "Don't mind me; Fill your horn from mine,—let me lie where I be. Our fathers," says he, "that their sons might be free, Left their King on his throne, and came over the sea; And that man is a knave, or a fool who, to save His life for a minute, would live like a slave."

Well, all would not do! There were men good as new,—
From Rumford, from Saugus, from towns far away,—
Who filled up quick and well for each soldier that fell;
And we drove them, and drove them, and drove them, all day.
We knew, every one, it was war that begun,
When that morning's marching was only half done.

In the hazy twilight, at the coming of night,
I crowded three buckshot and one bullet down.
'Twas my last charge of lead; and I aimed her and said,
"Good luck to you, lobsters, in old Boston Town."

In a barn at Milk Row, Ephraim Bates and Munroe, And Baker and Abram, and I made a bed. We had mighty sore feet, and we'd nothing to eat; But we'd driven the Red-Coats, and Amos, he said:

"It's the first time," says he, "that it's happened to me To march to the sea by this road where we've come; But confound this whole day, but we'd all of us say We'd rather have spent it this way than to home."

The hunt had begun with the dawn of the sun, And night saw the wolf driven back to his den. And never since then, in the memory of men, Has the Old Bay State seen such a hunting again.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Listen, my children, and you shall hear Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere, On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five; Hardly a man is now alive Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march By land or sea from the town tonight, Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—One, if by land, and two, if by sea; And I on the opposite shore will be, Ready to ride and spread the alarm Through every Middlesex village and farm, For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good-night!" and with muffled oar Silently rowed to the Charleston shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street, Wanders and watches with eager ears, Till in the silence around him he hears The muster of men at the barrack door, The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet, And the measured tread of the grenadiers, Marching down to their boats on the shore. Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church, By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread, To the belfry-chamber overhead, And startled the pigeons from their perch On the somber rafters, that round him made Masses and moving shapes of shade,— By the trembling ladder, steep and tall, To the highest window in the wall, Where he paused to listen and look down A moment on the roofs of the town. And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent On a shadowy something far away, Where the river widens to meet the bay,— A line of black that bends and floats On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride, Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere. Now he patted his horse's side, Now gazed at the landscape far and near, Then, impetuous, stamped the earth, And turned and tightened his saddle-girth; But mostly he watched with eager search The belfry-tower of the Old North Church, As it rose above the graves on the hill, Lonely and spectral and somber and still. And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height A glimmer, and then a gleam of light! He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns, But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep, And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep, Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides; And under the alders that skirt its edge, Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge, Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides. It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read, How the British Regulars fired and fled,—How the farmers gave them ball for ball, From behind each fence and farmyard wall, Chasing the red-coats down the lane, Then crossing the fields to emerge again Under the trees at the turn of the road, And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere; And so through the night went his cry of alarm To every Middlesex village and farm,— A cry of defiance and not of fear, A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door, And a word that shall echo forevermore! For, borne on the night-wind of the Past, Through all our history, to the last, In the hour of darkness and peril and need, The people will waken and listen to hear The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed, And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

Arbor Day

(DATES VARY IN DIFFERENT STATES)



MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING

Richard Watson Gilder

Stay as the tree—go as the wind; Whate'er thy place, serve God and kind!

The tree holds commerce with the skies Tho' from its place it never flies.

They serve their God; they do not roam, The stormy winds that have no home.

TREES

Bliss Carman

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God, There were goodly trees in the springing sod— Trees of beauty and height and grace, To stand in splendor before His face: Apple and hickory, ash and pear, Oak and beech, and the tulip rare, The trembling aspen, the noble pine, The sweeping elm by the river line;

Trees for the birds to build and sing, And the lilac tree for a joy in spring; Trees to turn at the frosty call And carpet the ground for their Lord's footfall;

Trees for fruitage and fire and shade, Trees for the cunning builders' trade; Wood for the bow, the spear, and the flail, The keel and the mast of the daring sail—

He made them of every grain and girth For the use of man in the Garden of Earth. Then lest the Soul should not lift her eyes From the gift to the Giver of Paradise, On the crown of a hill, for all to see, God planted a scarlet maple tree.

THE TREE

Jones Very

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear,
And one by one their tender leaves unfold,
As if they knew that warmer suns were near,
Nor longer sought to hide from winter's cold;
And when with darker growth thy leaves are seen
To veil from view the early robin's nest,
I love to lie beneath thy waving screen,
With limbs by summer's heat and toil oppress'd;
And when the autumn winds have stript thee bare,
And round thee lies the smooth, untrodden snow,

When naught is thine that made thee once so fair, I love to watch thy shadowy form below, And through thy leafless arms to look above On stars that brighter beam when most we need their love.

THE POPLARS

Theodosia Garrison

My poplars are like ladies trim, Each conscious of her own estate; In costume somewhat over prim, In manner cordially sedate, Like two old neighbors met to chat Beside my garden gate.

My stately old aristocrats— I fancy still their talk must be Of rose-conserves and Persian cats, And lavender and Indian tea;— I wender sometimes as I pass If they approve of me.

I give them greeting night and morn, I like to think they answer, too, With that benign assurance born When youth gives age the reverence due, And bend their wise heads as I go As courteous ladies do.

Long may you stand before my door, Oh, kindly neighbors garbed in green, And bend with rustling welcome o'er The many friends who pass between; And where the little children play Look down with gracious mien.

A YOUNG FIRWOOD

Dante G. Rossetti

These little firs today are things
To clasp into a giant's cap,
Or fans to suit his lady's lap.
From many winters, many springs
Shall cherish them in strength and sap,
Till they be marked upon the map,
A wood for the wind's wanderings.

All seed is in the sower's hands:
And what at first was trained to spread
Its shelter for some single head,—
Yea, even such fellowship of wands,—
May hide the sunset, and the shade
Of its great multitude be laid
Upon the earth and elder sands.



TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN BURROUGHS

Catherine Parmenter

In the pathways of heaven— I see you walking there, The sunlight softly falling Upon your snowy hair. A wood thrush sings a welcome In a burst of melody... A squirrel chatters shrilly From the bough of a tree.

Great hemlocks lift their branches High against the azure blue... And all the baby spruces Stretch forth their arms to you.

In the pathways of heaven—I see you walking there, The sunlight softly falling Upon your snowy hair.

IN PRAISE OF JOHNNY APPLESEED

(born 1775; died 1847)

Vachel Lindsay

I. OVER THE APPALACHIAN BARRICADE

In the days of President Washington,
The glory of the nations,
Dust and ashes,
Snow and sleet,
And hay and oats and wheat,
Blew west,
Crossed the Appalachians,
Found the glades of rotting leaves, the soft deer-pastures,
The farms of the far-off future
In the forest.
Colts jumped the fence,
Snorting, ramping, snapping, sniffing,
With gastronomic calculations,
Crossed the Appalachians,

The east walls of our citadel,

And turned to gold-horned unicorns,

Feasting in the dim, volunteer farms of the forest.

Stripedest, kickingest kittens escaped,

Caterwauling "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Renounced their poor relations,

Crossed the Appalachians,

And turned to tiny tigers

In the humorous forest.

Chickens escaped

From farmyard congregations,

Crossed the Appalachians,

And turned to amber trumpets

On the ramparts of our Hoosiers' nest and citadei,

Millennial heralds

Of the foggy mazy forest.

Pigs broke loose, scrambled west,

Scorned their loathsome stations,

Crossed the Appalachians,

Turned to roaming, foaming wild boars

Of the forest.

The smallest, blindest puppies toddled west

While their eyes were coming open,

And, with misty observations,

Crossed the Appalachians,

Barked, barked, barked,

At the glow-worms and the marsh lights and the lightning-bugs,

And turned to ravening wolves

Of the forest.

Crazy parrots and canaries flew west,

Drunk on May-time revelations,

Crossed the Appalachians,

And turned to delirious, flower-dressed fairies

Of the lazy forest.

Haughtiest swans and peacocks swept west,

And, despite soft derivations,

Crossed the Appalachians.

And turned to blazing warrior souls

Of the forest. Singing the ways Of the Ancient of Days. And the "Old Continentals In their ragged regimentals," With bard's imaginations, Crossed the Appalachians. And A boy Blew west, And with prayers and incantations, And with "Yankee Doodle Dandy," Crossed the Appalachians, And was "young John Chapman," Then "Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed," Chief of the fastnesses, dappled and vast, In a pack on his back, In a deer-hide sack. The beautiful orchards of the past, The ghosts of all the forests and the groves— In that pack on his back, In that talisman sack, Tomorrow's peaches, pears, and cherries, Tomorrow's grapes and red raspberries, Seeds and tree-souls, precious things, Feathered with microscopic wings, All the outdoors the child heart knows, And the apple, green, red, and white, Sun of his day and his night-The apple allied to the thorn, Child of the rose. Porches untrod of forest houses All before him, all day long, "Yankee Doodle" his marching song; And the evening breeze Joined his psalms of praise As he sang the ways

Of the Ancient of Days. Leaving behind august Virginia, Proud Massachusetts, and proud Maine. Planting the trees that would march and train On, in his name to the great Pacific, Like Birnam wood to Dunsinane, Johnny Appleseed swept on, Every shackle gone, Loving every sloshy brake, Loving every skunk and snake, Loving every leathery weed, Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed, Master and ruler of the unicorn-ramping forest, The tiger-mewing forest, The rooster-trumpeting, boar-foaming, wolf-ravening forest, The spirit-haunted, fairy-enchanted forest, Stupendous and endless, Searching its perilous ways In the name of the Ancient of Days.

II. THE INDIANS WORSHIP HIM, BUT HE HURRIES ON

Painted kings in the midst of the clearing
Heard him asking his friends the eagles
To guard each planted seed and seedling.
Then he was a god, to the red men's dreaming;
Then the chiefs brought treasures grotesque and fair,—Magical trinkets and pipes and guns,
Beads and furs from their medicine-lair,—
Stuck holy feathers in his hair.
Hailed him with austere delight.
The orchard god was their guest through the night.

While the late snow blew from bleak Lake Erie, Scourging rock and river and reed, All night long they made great medicine For Jonathan Chapman, Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed;
And as though his heart were a wind-blown wheat-sheaf,
As though his heart were a new built nest,
As though their heaven house were his breast,
In swept the snowbirds singing glory.
And I hear his bird heart beat its story,
Hear yet how the ghost of the forest shivers,
Hear yet the cry of the gray, old orchards,
Dim and decaying by the rivers,
And the timid wings of the bird-ghosts beating,
And the ghosts of the tom-toms beating, beating.

But he left their wigwams and their love. By the hour of dawn he was proud and stark, Kissed the Indian babes with a sigh, Went forth to live on roots and bark, Sleep in the trees, while the years howled by. Calling the catamounts by name, And buffalo bulls no hand could tame. Slaying never a living creature, Joining the birds in every game, With the gorgeous turkey gobblers mocking, With the lean-necked eagles boxing and shouting; Sticking their feathers in his hair,— Turkey feathers, Eagle feathers, Trading hearts with all beasts and weathers He swept on, winged and wonder-crested, Bare-armed, barefooted, and bare-breasted. The maples, shedding their spinning seeds, Called to his appleseeds in the ground, Vast chestnut-trees, with their butterfly nations, Called to his seeds without a sound. And the chipmunk turned a "summerset." And the foxes danced the Virginia reel; Hawthorn and crab-thorn bent, rain-wet, And dropped their flowers in his night-black hair; And the soft fawns stopped for his perorations;

And his black eyes shone through the forest-gleam, And he plunged young hands into new-turned earth, And prayed dear orchard boughs into birth; And he ran with the rabbit and slept with the stream, And he ran with the rabbit and slept with the stream, And he ran with the rabbit and slept with the stream. And so for us he made great medicine, And so for us he made great medicine, And so for us he made great medicine. In the days of President Washington.

III. JOHNNY APPLESEED'S OLD AGE

Long, long after, When settlers put up beam and rafter, They asked the birds: "Who gave this fruit? Who watched this fence till the seeds took root? Who gave these boughs?" They asked the sky, And there was no reply. But the robin might have said, "To the farthest West he has followed the sun, His life and his empire just begun." Self-scourged, like a monk, with a throne for wages, Stripped, like the iron-souled Hindu sages, Draped like a statue, in strings like a scare-crow, His helmet-hat an old tin pan, But worn in the love of the heart of man, More sane than the helm of Tamerlane! Hairy Ainu, wild man of Borneo, Robinson Crusoe-Johnny Appleseed!

And the robin might have said, "Sowing, he goes to the far, new West, With the apple, the sun of his burning breast—The apple allied to the thorn, Child of the rose."

Washington buried in Virginia, Jackson buried in Tennessee,

Young Lincoln, brooding in Illinois, And Johnny Appleseed, priestly and free, Knotted and gnarled, past seventy years, Still planted on in the woods alone. Ohio and young Indiana— These were his wide altar-stone, Where still he burnt out flesh and bone.

Twenty days ahead of the Indian, twenty years ahead of the white man, At last the Indian overtook him, at last the Indian hurried past him; At last the white man overtook him, at last his own trees hurried past him.

Many cats were tame again,
Many ponies tame again,
Many pigs were tame again,
Many canaries tame again;
And the real frontier was his sunburnt breast.
From the fiery core of that apple, the earth,
Sprang apple-amaranths divine.
Love's orchards climbed to the heavens of the West
And snowed the earthly sod with flowers.

Farm hands from the terraces of the blest Danced on the mists with their ladies fine; And Johnny Appleseed laughed with his dreams, And swam once more the ice-cold streams. And the doves of the spirit swept through the hours, With doom-calls, love-calls, death-calls, dream-calls; And Johnny Appleseed, all that year, Lifted his hands to the farm-filled sky, To the apple-harvesters busy on high; And so once more his youth began, And so for us he made great medicine— Johnny Appleseed, medicine-man. Then The sun was their turned-up broken barrel, Out of which their juicy apples rolled, Down the repeated terraces, Thumping across the gold,

An angel in each apple that touched the forest mold, A ballot-box in each apple, A state capital in each apple, Great high-schools, great colleges, All America in each apple, Each red, rich, round, and bouncing moon That touched the forest mold. Like scrolls and rolled-up flags of silk, He saw the fruits unfold, And all our expectations in one wild-flower written dream. Confusion, and death-sweetness, and a thicket of crab-thorns! Heart of a hundred midnights, heart of the merciful morns. Heaven's boughs bent down with their alchemy, Perfumed airs, and thoughts of wonder. And the dew on the grass and his own cold tears Were one in brooding mystery, Though death's loud thunder came upon him, Though death's loud thunder struck him down-The boughs and the proud thoughts swept through the thunder, Till he saw our wide nation, each State a flower, Each petal a park for holy feet, With wild fawns merry on every street, With wild fawns merry on every street, The vista of ten thousand years, flower-lighted and complete.

Hear the lazy weeds murmuring, bays and rivers whispering, From Michigan to Texas, California to Maine; Listen to the eagles screaming, calling, "Johnny Appleseed, Johnny Appleseed," There by the doors of old Fort Wayne.

In the four-poster bed Johnny Appleseed built, Autumn rains were the curtains, autumn leaves were the quilt. He laid him down sweetly, and slept through the night, Like a stone washed white, There by the doors of old Fort Wayne.

Bird Day

(USUALLY OBSERVED WITH ARBOR DAY)

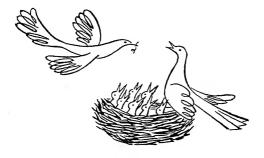
A BLACKBIRD SUDDENLY

Joseph Auslander

Heaven is in my hand, and I Touched a heartbeat of the sky, Hearing a blackbird cry.

Strange, beautiful, unquiet thing, Lone flute of God, how can you sing Winter to spring?

You have outdistanced every voice and word, And given my spirit wings until it stirred Like you—a bird.



JOY OF THE MORNING

Edwin Markham

I hear you, little bird, Shouting a-swing above the broken wall. Shout louder yet: no song can tell it all. Sing to my soul in the deep, still wood: 'Tis wonderful beyond the wildest word: I'd tell it, too, if I could.

Oft when the white, still dawn Lifted the skies and pushed the hills apart, I've felt it like a glory in my heart— (The world's mysterious stir) But had no throat like yours, my bird, Nor such a listener.

TAMPA ROBINS

Sidney Lanier

The robin laughed in the orange tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee!
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—
Sunlight, song, and the orange tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange-planets: crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
And thrid the heavenly orange tree
With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime; My wing is king of the summer time; My breast to the sun his torch shall hold; And I'll call down through the green and gold, 'Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me. Bestir thee under the orange tree.'"

THE THRUSH'S NEST

John Clare

Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush,
That overhung a molehill large and round,
I heard from morn to morn a merry thrush
Sing hymns to sunrise, and I drank the sound
With joy; and often, an intruding guest,
I watched her secret toil from day to day—
How true she warped the moss, to form a nest,
And modelled it within with wood and clay;
And by-and-by, like heath-bells gilt with dew,
There lay her shining eggs, as bright as flowers,
Ink-spotted over shells of greeny blue;
And there I witnessed in the sunny hours,
A brood of Nature's minstrels chirp and fly,
Glad as the sunshine and the laughing sky.

THE SWALLOWS

Edwin Arnold

Gallant and gay in their doublets gray,
All at a flash like the darting of a flame,
Chattering Arabic, African, Indian—
Certain of springtime, the swallows came!

Doublets of gray silk and surcoats of purple, And ruffs of russet round each little throat, Wearing such garb they had crossed the waters, Mariners sailing with never a boat.

MAY

Edmund Spenser

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Deck'd all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride;
The twins of Leda, which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign queen.
Lord! how all creatures laught when her they spied,
And leapt and danced as they had ravish'd been,
And Cupid self about her fluttered all in green.

May Day

(MAY 1)

SONG ON A MAY MORNING

John Milton

Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger, Comes dancing from the East, and leads with her The flowery May, who from her green lap throws The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose. Hail, Bounteous May, that doth inspire Mirth, and youth, and warm desire; Woods and groves are of thy dressing, Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing; Thus we salute thee with our early song, And welcome thee, and wish thee long.



THE MAY QUEEN

Alfred Tennyson

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
Tomorrow'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;

Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day; For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's
Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that
I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the
day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and
buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May,
mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking,
like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care
not what they say,

For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:

They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me?

There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me tomorrow to the green,

And you will be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;

For the shepherd lads on every side will come from far away,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,

And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;

And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,

And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;

There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-long day,

And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May. All the valley, mother, will be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale will merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
Tomorrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:
Tomorrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

CORINNA'S MAYING

Robert Herrick

Get up, get up for shame! The blooming morn Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree!
Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east
Above an hour since, yet you not drest,

Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch-in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care For jewels for your gown, or hair: Fear not; the leaves will strew Gems in abundance upon you:

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,

Against you come, some orient pearls unwept: Come, and receive them while the light

Hangs on the dew-locks of the night: And Titan on the eastern hill

Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying: Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park,
Made green, and trimm'd with trees! see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch! Each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,

Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove, As if here were those cooler shades of love.

> Can such delights be in the street And open fields, and we not see't? Come we'll abroad: and let's obey The proclamation made for May,

And sin no more, as we have done, by staying; But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

Mother's Day

(2nd SUNDAY in MAY)



THE MOTHER IN THE HOUSE

Hermann Hagedorn

For such as you, I do believe, Spirits their softest carpets weave, And spread them out with gracious hand Wherever you walk, wherever you stand.

For such as you, of scent and dew Spirits their rarest nectar brew, And where you sit and where you sup Pour beauty's elixir in your cup.

For all day long, like other folk, You bear the burden, wear the yoke, And yet when I look in your eyes at eve You are lovelier than ever, I do believe.

SONGS FOR MY MOTHER: HER HANDS

Anna Hempstead Branch

My mother's hands are cool and fair, They can do anything. Delicate memories hide them there Like flowers in the spring.

When I was small and could not sleep, She used to come to me, And with my cheek upon her hand How sure my rest would be.

For everything she ever touched Of beautiful or fine, Their memories living in her hands Would warm that sleep of mine.

Her hands remembered how they played One time in meadow streams,— And all the flickering song and shade Of water took my dreams.

Swift through her haunted fingers pass Memories of garden things;— I dipped my face in flowers and grass And sounds of hidden wings.

One time she touched the cloud that kissed Brown pastures bleak and far;— I leaned my cheek into a mist And thought I was a star.

All this was very long ago
And I am grown; but yet
The hand that lured my slumber so
I never can forget.

For still when drowsiness comes on It seems so soft and cool, Shaped happily beneath my cheek, Hollow and beautiful.

MY TRUST

John Greenleaf Whittier

A picture memory brings to me: I look across the years and see Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain My selfish moods, and know again A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But wiser now, a man gray grown, My childhood's needs are better known, My mother's chastening love I own.

LONESOME

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Mother's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two, An' oh, the house is lonesome ez a nest whose birds has flew To other trees to build ag'in; the rooms seem jest so bare That the echoes run like sperrits from the kitchen to the stair. The shetters flap more lazy-like'n what they used to do, Sence mother's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two.

We've killed the fattest chicken an' we've cooked her to a turn; We've made the richest gravy, but I jest don't give a durn Fur nothin' 'at I drink or eat, er nothin' 'at I see. The food ain't got the pleasant taste it used to have to me. They's somep'n stickin' in my throat ez tight ez hardened glue, Sence mother's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two.

The hollyhocks air jest ez pink, they're double ones at that, An' I wuz prouder of 'em than a baby of a cat. But now I don't go near 'em though they nod an' blush at me, Fur they's somep'n seems to gall me in their keerless sort of glee An' all their fren'ly noddin' an' their blushin' seems to say: "You're purty lonesome, John, old boy, sence mother's gone away."

The neighbors ain't so fren'ly ez it seems they'd ort to be; They seem to be a-lookin' kinder sideways like at me, A-kinder feared they'd tech me off ez ef I waz a match, An' all because 'at mother's gone an' I'm a-keeping batch! I'm shore I don't do nothin' worse'n what I used to do 'Fore mother went a-visitin' to spend a month er two.

The sparrows ac's more fearsome like an' won't hop quite so near, The cricket's chirp is sadder, an' the sky ain't ha'f so clear; When evenin' comes I set an' smoke tell my eyes begin to swim, An' things aroun' commence to look all blurred an' faint an' dim. Well, I guess I'll have to own up 'at I'm feeling purty blue Sence mother's gone a-visitin' to spend a month er two.

A BOY'S MOTHER

James Whitcomb Riley

My mother she's so good to me, Ef I was good as I could be, I couldn't be as good—no, sir!— Can't any boy be good as her.

She loves me when I'm glad er sad; She loves me when I'm good er bad; An', what's a funniest thing, she says She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me,— That don't hurt—but it hurts to see Her cryin'. Nen I cry; an' nen We both cry an' be good again. She loves me when she cuts an' sews My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes; An' when my Pa comes home to tea, She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs an' tells him all I said, An' grabs me up an' pats my head; An' I hug her, an' hug my Pa, An' love him purt' nigh as much as Ma.

TO MY MOTHER

Thomas Moore

They tell us of an Indian tree
Which howso'er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free
And shoot and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downward again to that dear earth
From which the life, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.
'Tis thus, though wooed by flattering friends,
And fed with fame (if fame it be),
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
With love's true instinct, back to thee!

WHAT RULES THE WORLD

William Ross Wallace

They say that man is mighty, He governs land and sea, He wields a mighty sceptre O'er lesser powers than he;

But a mighty power and stronger Man from his throne has hurled, For the hand that rocks the cradle Is the hand that rules the world.

Armed Forces Day

(3rd SATURDAY in MAY)

THE HERO

Ambrose Bierce

We do not know—we can but deem, And he is loyalest and best Who takes the light full on his breast And follows it throughout the dream.



THE REVEILLÉ

Bret Harte

Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo! a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum,—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel:

War is not of life the sum;

Who shall stay and reap the harvest

When the autumn days shall come?"

But the drum

Echoed, "Come!

Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,

What of profit springs therefrom?

What if conquest, subjugation,

Even greater ills become?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come!

You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannons' thunder,

Whistling shot and bursting bomb,

When my brothers fall around me,

Should my heart grow cold and numb?"

But the drum

Answered, "Come!

Better there in death united than in life a recreant—Come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,

Some in faith, and doubting some,

Till a trumpet-voice proclaiming,

Said, "My chosen people, come!"

Then the drum

Lo! was dumb,

For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!"

OLD IRONSIDES

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

Long has it waved on high,

And many an eye has danced to see

That banner in the sky;

Beneath it rung the battle shout,

And burst the cannon's roar;—

The meteor of the ocean air

Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

JOHN PAUL JONES

Richard Watson Gilder

Ι

Behold our first great warrior of the sea Who, in our war to make the half world free, His knightly sword in noble anger drew! Born to the Old, he visioned clear the New.

II

Born to the New—and shall we lose our faith And mourn for freedom as a fleeing wraith? Or heroes swift as he, and valorous, find In bloodless battles of the unfettered mind!

THE MARINES' HYMN

OFFICIAL SONG OF THE UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

Unknown

From the Halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli;
We fight our country's battles
In the air, on land and sea;
First to fight for right and freedom,
And to keep our honor clean;
We are proud to claim the title
Of United States Marine.

Our Flag's unfurl'd to ev'ry breeze
From dawn to setting sun;
We have fought in ev'ry clime and place
Where we could take a gun;

In the snow of far off Northern lands And in sunny tropic scenes; You will find us always on the job The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our Corps
Which we are proud to serve;
In many a strife we've fought for life
And never lost our nerve;
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes;
They will find the streets are guarded
By United States Marines.

THE U.S. AIR FORCE

OFFICIAL SONG OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

Robert Crawford

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
At 'em, boys,—Give 'er the gun!
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,
Off with one helluva roar!
We live in fame
Or go down in flame.
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Minds of men fashioned a crate of thunder, Sent it high into the blue; Hands of men blasted the world asunder; How they lived God only knew! Souls of men dreaming of skies to conquer Gave us wings, ever to soar! With scouts before And bombers galore. Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Here's a toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the sky, To a friend we send a message of his brother men who fly. We drink to those who gave their all of old, Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold. A toast to the host of men we boast, the Army Air Corps!

Off we go into the wild sky yonder, Keep the wings level and true; If you'd live to be a gray-haired wonder Keep the nose out of the blue! Flying men, guarding the nation's border, We'll be there, followed by more! In echelon We carry on. Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

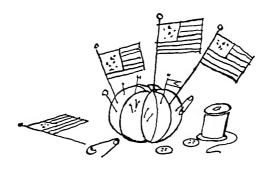
I Am an American Day

(3rd SUNDAY in MAY)

INSCRIPTION ON THE STATUE OF LIBERTY

Emma Lazarus

"Give me your tired, your poor, Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free, The wretched refuse of your teeming shore, Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed, to me: I lift my lamp beside the golden door."



AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

Katherine Lee Bates

O beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties
Above the fruited plain!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,
Whose stern, impassioned stress
A thoroughfare for freedom beat
Across the wilderness!
America! America!
God mend thine every flaw,
Confirm thy soul in self-control,
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved
In liberating strife,
Who more than self their country loved,
And mercy more than life!
America! America!
May God thy gold refine
Till all success be nobleness
And every gain divine!

O beautiful for patriot dream
That sees beyond the years
Thine alabaster cities gleam
Undimmed by human tears!
America! America!
God shed His grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!

THE AMERICAN FREEDOM

Matthew Biller

The American land is a land of freedom Where liberty's bell rings major notes, Where folks make rules and laws as they need 'em And voice their say from reckless throats, And carry the government under their coats.

There's no sense in driving American people, They set their pace by the home-town clock; Their wills are as sharp as the village steeple, Their wants are precise as the Rector's frock, Their ways are as stubborn as Plymouth Rock.

American liberties have the flavor Of tall corn growing, and wheat at prime, Of wayside stands that have the savor Of fresh-made hamburgers—two for a dime: Of buckwheat cakes at breakfast time . . .

Of pine-capped mountains, and far-flung plains, And houses built by the hands of neighbors; Of apples sweet with the summer rains, And cities sprung from the seed of labors: Of freedom got with muskets and sabers.

The Americans laugh at their schools and teachers, At the upper class with their social tricks; They laugh at their presidents, lawyers, preachers, At the man who cheers and the man who kicks. They laugh most of all at their politics.

They go to the polls and cast their ballots (If they've paid their proper taxes and fees), They open their town hall meetings with mallets And conduct them pretty much as they please—They squabble and joke and take their ease.

There is no predicting an American's future By the wealth or the people he was born amid; He might grow up as the county moocher, Or he might build a bridge on the lowest bid . . . He might go to Washington as Lincoln did.

The American men have an independence That is born of limitless hills and sky; They make good soldiers and superintendents, They know how to reach for a goal set high: They know how to suffer—they know how to die. The American way is slow and steady, But should anyone doubt our will to be free The encroacher who comes will find us ready— Though his power be great—let him try and see There'll be a rifle back of every tree!

THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Francis Scott Key

Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight
On the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming.
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh say, does the star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen, through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses? Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam: In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled banner, O long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

And where is that band who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight, or the gloom of the grave:
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation!
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

AMERICA

Samuel Francis Smith

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let Freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet Freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With Freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

Memorial Day

(MAY 30)

BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

Theodore O'Hara

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat The soldier's last tattoo; No more on Life's parade shall meet That brave and fallen few. On Fame's eternal camping-ground

Their silent tents are spread, And Glory guards, with solemn round, The bivouac of the dead.



A BALLAD OF HEROES

Austin Dobson

Because you passed, and now are not,—
Because in some remoter day,
Your sacred dust from doubtful spot
Was blown of ancient airs away,—
Because you perished,—must men say
Your deeds were naught, and so profane
Your lives with that cold burden? Nay,
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

Though, it may be, above the plot
That hid your once imperial clay,
No greener than o'er men forgot
The unregarding grasses sway;—
Though there no sweeter is the lay
Of careless birds,—though you remain
Without distinction of decay,—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

No. For while yet in tower or cot
Your story stirs the pulses' play;
And men forget the sordid lot—
The sordid care, of cities gray;—
While yet, beset in homelier fray,
They learn from you the lesson plain
That Life may go, so Honor stay,—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain.

ENVOY.

Heroes of old! I humbly lay
The laurel on your graves again;
Whatever men have done, men may,—
The deeds you wrought are not in vain!

ODE FOR DECORATION DAY

Henry Timrod

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves, Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause; Though yet no marble column craves The pilgrim here to pause.

In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone!

Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

Small tributes! but your shades will smile More proudly on these wreaths to-day Than when some cannon-moulded pile Shall overlook this bay.

Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned!

A MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS

James Whitcomb Riley

A monument for the Soldiers!
And what will ye build it of?
Can ye build it of marble, or brass, or bronze,
Outlasting the Soldiers' love?
Can ye glorify it with legends
As grand as their blood hath writ
From the inmost shrine of this land of thine
To the outermost verge of it?

And the answer came: We would build it
Out of our hopes made sure,
And out of our purest prayers and tears,
And out of our faith secure:
We would build it out of the great white truths
Their death hath sanctified,
And the sculptured forms of the men in arms,
And their faces ere they died.

And what heroic figures
Can the sculptor carve in stone?
Can the marble breast be made to bleed,
And the marble lips to moan?
Can the marble brow be fevered?
And the marble eyes be graved
To look their last, as the flag floats past,
On the country they have saved?

And the answer came: The figures
Shall all be fair and brave,
And, as befitting, as pure and white
As the stars above their grave!
The marble lips, and breast, and brow
Whereon the laurel lies,
Bequeath us right to guard the flight
Of the old flag in the skies!

A monument for the Soldiers!
Built of a people's love,
And blazoned and decked and panoplied
With the hearts ye build it of!
And see that ye build it stately,
In pillar and niche and gate,
And high in pose as the souls of those
It would commemorate!

THE DEAD

Rupert Brooke

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares, Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth. The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs, And sunset, and the colors of the earth. These had seen movement, and heard music; known Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended; Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone; Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after, Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance, A width, a shining peace, under the night.

MEMORIAL DAY

William E. Brooks

I heard a cry in the night from a far-flung host, From a host that sleeps through the years the last long sleep, By the Meuse, by the Marne, in the Argonne's shattered wood, In a thousand rose-thronged churchyards through our land. Sleeps! Do they sleep? I know I heard their cry, Shrilling along the night like a trumpet blast:

"We died," they cried, "for a dream. Have ye forgot? We dreamed of a world reborn whence wars had fled, Where swords were broken in pieces and guns were rust, Where the poor man dwelt in quiet, the rich in peace, And children played in the streets, joyous and free. We thought we could sleep content in a task well done; But the rumble of guns rolls over us, iron upon iron Sounds from the forge where are fashioned guns anew; New fleets spring up in new seas, and under the wave Stealthy new terrors swarm, with emboweled death. Fresh cries of hate ring out loud from the demagogue's throat, While greed reaches out afresh to grasp new lands. Have we died in vain, in vain? Is our dream denied? You men who live on the earth we bought with our woe,

Will ye stand idly by while they shape new wars,
Or will ye rise, who are strong, to fulfil our dream,
To silence the demagogue's voice, to crush the fools
Who play with blood-stained toys that crowd new graves?
We call, we call in the night, will ye hear and heed?"
In the name of our dead will we hear? Will we grant them sleep?

JUNE

James Russell Lowell

And what is so rare as a day in June? Then, if ever, come perfect days; Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune, And over it softly her warm ear lays; Whether we look or whether we listen, We hear life murmur or see it glisten; Every clod feels a stir of might, An instinct within it that reaches and towers, And, groping blindly above it for light, Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers; The flush of life may well be seen Thrilling back over hills and valleys; The cowslip startles in meadows green, The buttercup catches the sun in the chalice, And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean To be some happy creature's palace; The little bird sits at his door in the sun, Atilt like a blossom among the leaves, And lets his illumined being o'errun With the deluge of summer it receives; His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings, And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings; He sings to the wide world and she to her nest,— In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best? Now is the high-tide of the year, And whatever of life hath ebbed away Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer, Into every bare inlet and creek and bay; Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it, We are happy now because God wills it; No matter how barren the past may have been, 'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green; We sit in the warm shade and feel right well

How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by yon heifer's lowing,—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

----from The Vision of Sir Launfal

Flag Day

(JUNE 14)

GOD BLESS THE FLAG

Unknown

God bless the flag! Let it float and fill The sky with its beauty; our heart-strings thrill To the low sweet chant of its wind-swept bars, And the chorus of all its clustering stars.



THE FLAG GOES BY

Henry Holcomb Bennett

Hats off!

Along the street there comes

A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums,

A flash of colour beneath the sky:

Hats off!

The flag is passing by!

Blue and crimson and white it shines Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines. Hats off!
The colours before us fly;
But more than the flag is passing by.

Sea-fights and land-fights, grim and great, Fought to make and to save the State; Weary marches and sinking ships; Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and years of peace; March of a strong land's swift increase; Equal justice, right and law, Stately honour and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong To ward her people from foreign wrong: Pride and glory and honour,—all Live in the colours to stand or fall.

Hats off!
Along the street there comes
A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums;
And loyal hearts are beating high:
Hats off!
The flag is passing by!

OLD FLAG

Hubbard Parker

What shall I say to you, Old Flag? You are so grand in every fold, So linked with mighty deeds of old, So steeped in blood where heroes fell, So torn and pierced by shot and shell, My throat swells at the sight of you, Old Flag. What of the men who lifted you, Old Flag,
Upon the top of Bunker's Hill,
Who crushed the Briton's cruel will,
'Mid shock and roar and crash and scream,
Who crossed the Delaware's frozen stream,
Who starved, who fought, who bled, who died,
That you might float in glorious pride,
Old Flag?

What of the women brave and true, Old Flag, Who, while the cannon thundered wild, Sent forth a husband, lover, child, Who labored in the field by day, Who, all the night long, knelt to pray, And thought that God great mercy gave, If only freely you might wave, Old Flag?

What is your mission now, Old Flag? What but to set all peoples free, To rid the world of misery, To guard the right, avenge the wrong, And gather in one joyful throng Beneath your folds in close embrace All burdened ones of every race, Old Flag.

Right nobly do you lead the way, Old Flag, Your stars shine out for liberty, Your white stripes stand for purity, Your crimson claims that courage high For Honor's sake to fight and die. Lead on against the alien shore! We'll follow you e'en to Death's door, Old Flag!

YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG

Wilbur D. Nesbit

Your flag and my flag,
And how it flies today,
In your land and my land,
And half a world away!
Rose-red and blood-red,
The stripes forever gleam;
Snow-white and soul-white—
The good forefather's dream;
Sky-blue and true-blue,
With stars to gleam aright—
The gloried guidon of the day;
A shelter through the night.

Your flag and my flag!
To every star and stripe
The drums beat as hearts beat
And fifers shrilly pipe!
Your flag and my flag—
A blessing in the sky;
Your hope and my hope—
It never hid a lie!
Home land and far land
And half the world around,
Old Glory hears our glad salute
And ripples to the sound.

Your flag and my flag!
And, Oh! how much it holds—
Your land and my land—
Secure within its folds!
Your heart and my heart
Beat quicker at the sight.
Sun-kissed and wind-tossed—
Red and blue and white.

The one flag—the great flag— The flag for me and you Glorified all else beside, The red and white and blue.

FLAG SONG

Lydia Avery Coonley Ward

Out on the breeze,
O'er land and seas,
A beautiful banner is streaming,
Shining its stars,
Splendid its bars,
Under the sunshine 'tis gleaming.
Hail to the flag,
The dear, bonny flag—
The flag that is red, white, and blue.

Over the brave
Long may it wave,
Peace to the world ever bringing,
While to the stars
Linked with the bars
Hearts will forever be singing:
Hail to the flag,
The dear, bonny flag—
The flag that is red, white, and blue.

BETSY'S BATTLE FLAG

Minna Irving

From dusk till dawn the livelong night She kept the tallow dips alight, And fast her nimble fingers flew To sew the stars upon the blue. With weary eyes and aching head She stitched the stripes of white and red, And when the day came up the stair Complete across a carven chair Hung Betsy's battle flag.

Like shadows in the evening gray
The Continentals filed away,
With broken boots and ragged coats,
But hoarse defiance in their throats;
They bore the marks of want and cold,
And some were lame and some were old,
And some with wounds untended bled,
But floating bravely overhead
Was Betsy's battle flag.

When fell the battle's leaden rain,
The soldier hushed his moans of pain
And raised his dying head to see
King George's troopers turn and flee.
Their charging column reeled and broke,
And vanished in the rolling smoke,
Before the glory of the stars,
The snowy stripes, and scarlet bars
Of Betsy's battle flag.

The simple stone of Betsy Ross
Is covered now with mold and moss,
But still her deathless banner flies,
And keeps the color of the skies.
A nation thrills, a nation bleeds,
A nation follows where it leads,
And every man is proud to yield
His life upon a crimson field
For Betsy's battle flag!

Pioneer Day

(JUNE 15 in Idaho and JULY 24 in Utah)

ON THE TRAIL TO IDAHO

Unknown

I met the boss; he wanted me to go Help drive his herd to Idaho. I told the boss it was out of my range, But if he had the price, I was about to change.

We started out the first of May; Everything looked good, everything was gay. We rolled along just like a ball Until one night we had a squall.

The cattle stampeded all over the ground; We couldn't get them all to lay down. We drove for days and sometimes weeks, We couldn't see nothing but the mountain peaks.

The sand did roll and fill my eyes, And I thought of home and almost cry. We crossed three rivers we didn't know, Out on the trail to Idaho.

It was a long and lonesome go
Out on the trail to Idaho.
We saw some Indians; they were on the run;
They were kinder jubus* of our needle guns.

They divided up in twos and fours, They didn't like old forty-fours. When I got home I told the boys Out on that run they'd see no joys.

Long stretches we drove was very dry,
All the water we drank was alkali.
I made up my mind when back on the range
Not to scamper off after the little extra change.
Go 'long, Blue Dog.

THE COWBOY

John Antrobus

"What care I, what cares he,
What cares the world of the life we know?
Little they reck of the shadowless plains,
The shelterless mesa, the sun and the rains,
The wild free life, as the winds that blow."
With his broad sombrero,
His worn chaparajos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Ruddy and brown—careless and free—A king in the saddle—he rides at will
O'er the measureless range where rarely change
The swart gray plains so weird and strange,
Treeless, and streamless, and wondrous still!
With his slouch sombrero,
His torn chaparajos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

He of the towns, he of the East,
Has only a vague, dull thought of him;
In his far-off dreams the cowboy seems
A mythical thing, a thing he deems
A Hun or a Goth as swart and grim!
With his stained sombrero,
His rough chaparajos,
And clinking spurs,
Like a Centaur he speeds,
Where the wild bull feeds;
And he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares, who cares!

Swift and strong, and ever alert,
Yet sometimes he rests on the dreary vast;
And his thoughts, like the thoughts of other men
Go back to his childhood days again,
And to many a loved one in the past.
With his gay sombrero,
His rude chaparajos,
And clinking spurs,
He rests a while,
With a tear and a smile,
Then he laughs, ha, ha!—who cares—who cares?

Bunker Hill Day

(JUNE 17)

ON THE EVE OF BUNKER HILL

Clinton Scollard

'Twas June on the face of the earth, June with the rose's breath, When life is a gladsome thing, and a distant dream is death; There was gossip of birds in the air, and the lowing of herds by the wood,

And a sunset gleam in the sky that the heart of a man holds good; Then the nun-like twilight came, violet-vestured and still, And the night's first star outshone afar on the eve of Bunker Hill.

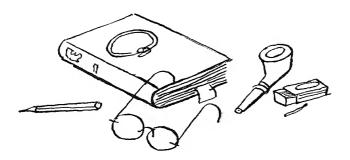
There rang a cry through the camp, with its word upon rousing word; There was never a faltering foot in the ranks of those that heard;— Lads from the Hampshire Hills and the rich Connecticut vales, Sons of the old Bay Colony, from its shores and its inland dales; Swiftly they fell in line; no fear could their valor chill; Ah, brave the show as they ranged a-row on the eve of Bunker Hill!

Then a deep voice lifted a prayer to the God of the brave and the true, And the heads of the men were bare in the gathering dusk and dew; The heads of a thousand men were bowed as the pleading rose,—Smite Thou, Lord, as of old Thou smotest Thy people's foes! Oh, nerve Thy servants' arms to work with a mighty will! A hush, and then a loud Amen! on the eve of Bunker Hill!

Now they are gone through the night with never a thought of fame, Gone to the field of a fight that shall win them a deathless name; Some shall never again behold the set of the sun, But lie like the Concord slain, and the slain of Lexington, Martyrs to Freedom's cause. Ah, how at their deeds we thrill, The men whose might made strong the height on the eve of Bunker Hill!

Father's Day

(3rd SUNDAY in JUNE)



THE WAY TO KNOW A FATHER

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

No man knows his father till he sees His father in the son upon his knees; The best way for a man to understand His father is to hold him by the hand.

When he is small enough, a father's face Is full of starriness and looks like space Above the trees upon an August night, And his dark future is unfathomed light.

What his son and his son's sons will be Is there for any man to see; The father sits with wonder in his gaze To see the sure design of his own days.

What was behind the sorrow and the lust, What was behind his father's work in dust Was holy, single life unearthly keen, Clean as the petals on a star are clean. A grandson tells what no man dares to tell When he is deep in living and feels well: That any son is more than one man's heir And wears all proud men's glory on his hair.

THE SECRET HEART

Robert P. Tristram Coffin

Across the years he could recall His father one way best of all.

In the stillest hour of night The boy awakened to a light.

Half in dreams, he saw his sire With his great hands full of fire.

The man had struck a match to see If his son slept peacefully.

He held his palms each side the spark His love had kindled in the dark.

His two hands were curved apart In the semblance of a heart.

He wore, it seemed to his small son, A bare heart on his hidden one,

A heart that gave out such a glow No son awake could bear to know.

It showed a look upon his face Too tender for the day to trace. One instant, it lit all about, And then the secret heart went out.

But it shone long enough for one To know that hands held up the sun.

FORGETFUL PA

Edgar A. Guest

My Pa says that he used to be
A bright boy in geography;
An' when he went to school he knew
The rivers an' the mountains, too,
An' all the capitals of States
An' boundary lines an' all the dates
They joined the Union. But last night
When I was studyin' to recite
I asked him if he would explain
The leading industries of Maine—
He thought an' thought an' thought a lot,
An' said, "I knew, but I've forgot."

My Pa says when he was in school
He got a hundred as a rule;
An' grammar was a thing he knew
Becoz he paid attention to
His teacher, an' he learned the way
To write good English, an' to say
The proper things, an' I should be
As good a boy in school as he.
But once I asked him could he give
Me help with the infinitive—
He scratched his head and said: "Great Scott!
I used to know but I forgot."

My Pa says when he was a boy
Arithmetic was just a toy;
He learned his tables mighty fast
An' every term he always passed,
An' had good marks, an' teachers said:
"That youngster surely has a head."
But just the same I notice now
Most every time I ask him how
To find the common multiple,
He says, "That's most unusual!
Once I'd have told you on the spot,
But somehow, Sonny, I've forgot."
I'm tellin' you just what is what,
My Pa's forgot an awful lot!

First Day of Summer



THE THROSTLE

Alfred Tennyson

"Summer is coming, summer is coming, I know it, I know it, I know it. Light again, leaf again, life again, love again!" Yes, my wild little Poet.

Sing the new year in under the blue.

Last year you sang it as gladly.

"New, new, new, new!" Is it then so new
That you should carol so madly?

"Love again, song again, nest again, young again"—
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend:
See, there is hardly a daisy.

"Here again, here, here, here, happy year!"
O warble unchidden, unbidden!
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
And all the winters are hidden.

JULY

Susan Hartley Swett

When the scarlet cardinal tells

Her dream to the dragon fly,

And the lazy breeze makes a nest in the trees,

And murmurs a lullaby,

It is July.

When the tangled cobweb pulls
The cornflower's cap awry,
And the lilies tall lean over the wall
To bow to the butterfly,
It is July.

When the heat like a mist veil floats,
And poppies flame in the rye,
And the silver note in the streamlet's throat
Has softened almost to a sigh,
It is July.

When the hours are so still that time
Forgets them, and lets them lie
'Neath petals pink till the night stars wink
At the sunset in the sky,
It is July.



Independence Day

(JULY 4)



THE FOURTH OF JULY

John Pierpont

Day of glory! Welcome day!
Freedom's banners greet thy ray;
See! how cheerfully they play
With thy morning breeze,
On the rocks where pilgrims kneeled,
On the heights where squadrons wheeled,
When a tyrant's thunder pealed
O'er the trembling seas.

God of armies! did thy stars
On their courses smite his cars;
Blast his arm, and wrest his bars
From the heaving tide?
On our standard, lo! they burn,
And, when days like this return,
Sparkle o'er the soldier's urn
Who for freedom died.

God of peace! whose spirit fills All the echoes of our hills, All the murmur of our rills,

Now the storm is o'er,
O let freemen be our sons,
And let future Washingtons
Rise, to lead their valiant ones
Till there's war no more!

FOURTH OF JULY ODE

James Russell Lowell

1

Our fathers fought for Liberty, They struggled long and well, History of their deeds can tell— But did they leave us free?

II

Are we free from vanity, Free from pride, and free from self, Free from love of power and pelf, From everything that's beggarly?

III

Are we free from stubborn will, From low hate and malice small, From opinion's tyrant thrall? Are none of us our own slaves still?

IV

Are we free to speak our thought, To be happy, and be poor, Free to enter Heaven's door, To live and labor as we ought? Are we then made free at last From the fear of what men say, Free to reverence Today, Free from the slavery of the Past?

VI.

Our fathers fought for liberty, They struggled long and well, History of their deeds can tell— But *ourselves* must set us free.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

Oliver Wendell Holmes

What flower is this that greets the morn, Its hues from Heaven so freshly born? With burning star and flaming band It kindles all the sunset land; O tell us what its name may be—Is this the Flower of Liberty? It is the banner of the free, The starry Flower of Liberty.

In savage nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud;
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood,
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

Behold its streaming rays unite, One mingling flood of braided light— The red that fires the southern rose, With spotless white from northern shows, And, spangled o'er its azure, see The sister Stars of Liberty! Then hail the banner of the free, The starry Flower of Liberty!

The blades of heroes fence it round;
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

ODE

sung in the town hall, concord, mass., July 4, 1857

Ralph Waldo Emerson

O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven,
And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town, Our pulses beat not less, The joy bells chime their tidings down, Which children's voices bless. For He that flung the broad blue fold O'ermantling land and sea, One-third part of the sky unrolled For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind To build an equal state,— To take the statute from the mind And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead,—
Present and Past in under-song,—
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue.

For sea and land don't understand Nor skies without a frown See rights for which the one hand fights By the other cloven down.

Be just at home; then write your scroll Of honor o'er the sea, And bid the broad Atlantic roll A ferry of the free.

And henceforth there shall be no chain, Save underneath the sea The wires shall murmur through the main Sweet songs of liberty.

The conscious stars accord above, The waters wild below, And under, through the cable wove Her fiery errands go.

For He that worketh high and wise, Nor pauses in His plan, Will take the sun out of the skies Ere freedom out of man.

YANKEE DOODLE

Edward Bangs

Father and I went down to camp, Along with Captain Gooding, And there we see the men and boys, As thick as hasty pudding.

Chorus:

Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle, dandy, Mind the music and the step And with the girls be handy.

And there we see a thousand men, As rich as 'Squire David; And what they wasted every day I wish it could be saved.

And there we see a swamping gun Large as a log of maple, Upon a deuced little cart, A load for father's cattle.

And every time they shoot it off, It takes a horn of powder, And makes a noise like father's gun, Only a nation louder.

I see a little barrel, too,
The heads were made of leather,
They knocked upon't with little clubs
And called the folks together.

And there was Captain Washington, And gentlefolks about him, They say he's grown so tarnal proud He will not ride without 'em. He got him on his meeting clothes, Upon a strapping stallion, He set the world along in rows, In hundreds and in millions.

I see another snarl of men
A-digging graves, they told me,
So tarnal long, so tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.

It scared me so, I hooked it off, Nor stopped, as I remember, Nor turned about, till I got home, Locked up in mother's chamber.

IN AUGUST

William Dean Howells

All the long August afternoon, The little drowsy stream Whispers a melancholy tune, As if it dreamed of June, And whispered in its dream.

The thistles show beyond the brook Dust on their down and bloom, And out of many a weed-grown nook The aster flowers look With eyes of tender gloom.

The silent orchard aisles are sweet With smell of ripening fruit. Through the sere grass, in shy retreat Flutter, at coming feet, The robins strange and mute.

There is no wind to stir the leaves, The harsh leaves overhead; Only the querulous cricket grieves, And shrilling locust weaves A song of summer dead.

SEPTEMBER

Helen Hunt Jackson

The goldenrod is yellow,
The corn is turning brown,
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bending down;

The gentian's bluest fringes Are curling in the sun; In dusty pods the milkweed Its hidden silk has spun;

The sedges flaunt their harvest In every meadow nook, And asters by the brookside Make asters in the brook.

From dewy lanes at morning The grapes' sweet odors rise; At noon the roads all flutter With yellow butterflies—

By all these lovely tokens September's days are here, With summer's best of weather And autumn's best of cheer.

Labor Day

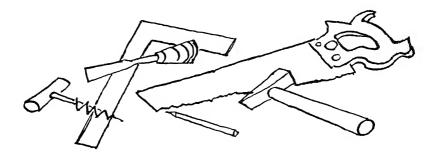
(1st MONDAY in SEPTEMBER)

LABOR

Frances Sargent Osgood

Labor is wealth,—in the sea the pearl groweth; Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth; From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth; Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Work for some good, be it ever so slowly; Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly; Labor!—all labor is noble and holy; Let thy great deed be thy prayer to thy God.



WORK

Kenyon Cox

Work thou for pleasure.
Paint or sing or carve
The thing thou lovest,
Though the body starve.

Who works for glory
Misses oft the goal,
Who works for money
Coins his very soul.
Work for the work's sake,
Then, and it might be
That these things shall
Be added unto thee.

QUIET WORK

Matthew Arnold

One lesson, Nature, let me learn from thee, One lesson which in every wind is blown, One lesson of two duties kept at one Though the loud world proclaim their enmity— Of toil unsevered from tranquillity; Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose, Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

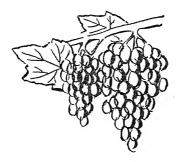
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring, Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil, Still do thy sleepless ministers move on, Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting; Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil; Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

WORK

Henry van Dyke

Let me but do my work from day to day, In field or forest, at the desk or loom, In roaring market-place or tranquil room; Let me but find it in my heart to say, When vagrant wishes beckon me astray,
"This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way."
Then shall I see it not too great, nor small,
To suit my spirit and to prove my powers;
Then shall I cheerful greet the laboring hours,
And cheerful turn, when the long shadows fall
At eventide, to play and love and rest,
Because I know for me my work is best.

First Day of Autumn



AUTUMN HAZE

Richard Kendall Munkittrick

Across the pearly distance It lies on hill and stream, In banks of airy turquoise As softly as a dream.

A slumberous smoke that rises Serenely in the cold, From autumn woodlands blazing In flames of rosy gold.

American Indian Day

(4th FRIDAY in SEPTEMBER)



NAVAJO PRAYER

Edward S. Yeomans

Lord of the Mountain Reared within the Mountain, Young man, Chieftain, Hear a young man's prayer! Hear a prayer for cleanness.

Keeper of the strong rain, Drumming on the mountain; Lord of the small rain, That restores the earth in newness; Keeper of the clean rain, Hear a prayer for wholeness.

Young man, Chieftain, Hear a prayer for fleetness. Keeper of the deer's way, Reared among the eagles, Clear my feet of slothness. Hear a prayer for courage. Lord of the thin peaks
Reared among the thunders;
Keeper of the headlands,
Holding up the harvest,
Keeper of the strong rocks,
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young man, Chieftain, Spirit of the Mountain!

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

Rudyard Kipling

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting winds are loose—Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;

Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues, Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!

Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched the black-tail mating?

Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry?

Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting, Or the sea-trout's jumping crazy for the fly?

He must go—go—go away from here! On the other side the world he's overdue.

'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring fret comes o'er you,

And the Red Gods call for you!

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow, And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;

And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose waits the cow,

And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.

Who hath smelt wood-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?

Who is quick to read the noises of the night? Let him follow with the others, for the Young Men's feet are turning To the camps of proved desire and known delight.

Let him go-go, etc.

Do you know the blackened timber—do you know the racing stream With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend?
It is there that we are going with our rods and reels and races,
To a silent, smokey Indian that we know—
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

They must go-go, etc.

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are steep and short, Where the bluff lea-boarded fishing-luggers ride? Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of your port On a coast you've lost the chart of overside? It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale her—Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know. He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail and sail her, For the Red Gods call me out, and I must go!

He must go—go, etc.

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade—Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?
Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented glade When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through? It is there that I am going, with my camphor, net and boxes, To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know—To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-foxes, For the Red Gods call me out, and I must go.

He must go-go, etc.

Do you know the world's white roof-tree—do you know that windy rift Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change? Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift, While the head of heads is feeding out of range?

It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the snow lie, With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.

I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the horns of Ovis Poli,
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go.

He must go—go, etc.

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened—now the Smokes of Council rise—Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose—

Now the girths and ropes are tested; now they pack their last supplies; Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues!

Who shall meet them at those altars—who shall light them to that shrine?

Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?

Unto each the voice and vision; unto each his spoor and sign-

Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath 'neath the Line

And to each a man that knows his naked soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting as a lover,

Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train-

Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring flats discover— Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-boats bring the rover—

Where the rails run out in sand-drift. . . .

Quick! ah, heave the camp-kit over,

For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

And we go—go—go away from here!
On the other side the world we're overdue!
'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring fret comes o'er you,

And the Red Gods call for you!



INDIAN NAMES

Lydia H. Sigourney

Ye say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave;
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave;
That mid the forests where they roamed,
There rings no hunter's shout:
But their name is on your waters—
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow
Like Ocean's surge is curled;
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west;
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On green Virginia's breast.

Ye say that conelike cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have disappeared as withered leaves
Before the autumn's gale:
But their memory liveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it Within her lordly crown, And broad Ohio bears it Amid his young renown; Connecticut has wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves.
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within its rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart.
Monadnock, on his forehead hoar,
Doth seal the sacred trust:
Your mountains build their monument,
Though ye destroy their dust.

OCTOBER

Helen McMahan

October's lap holds patches
Of red and gold and brown.
She wheedled them from summer
To make herself a gown.
And when the song is finished
She'll stretch her arms again
And dance a little rondo
To the music of the rain.

Moving Day

(OCTOBER 1)



MOVING DAY

Helen M. Hartman

The moving is all over,
The vans have rolled away,—
And I stand in consternation
Where confusion holds full sway.
Around me heaps of boxes
Bulging—bursting—gaping wide!
As I look, I wish to blazes
I could run away and hide.

Oh! the days that lie before me
While I clear away the mess
And endeavor to establish
Law and order, more or less,
Seeking spoons and hunting dishes;
Where's the towel? where's the soap?
Salt and pepper, tea and coffee?
Why, you're sitting on them, dope!

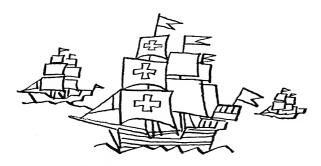
Now we've put away the kettles,
But there's still much to be done;
Countless errands keep us busy
Upstairs, downstairs, on the run;
Laying carpets, painting cupboards,—
Where's the turpentine and brush?
Hurry, hurry; do keep busy!
We can finish if we rush.

Then at last the house is cosy,
Tables polished; windows shine;
Silver gleaming on clean linen—
The effect is really fine.
Everything has been remembered;
Our address is in the mail
And we wait for friendly callers
Who are coming without fail.

But I think, Oh, may I never
Never, never move again!
In this house I'd like so much
Forever to remain!
And may I all past "movings"
Of my former life forget
And set me down within these walls
And set, and set, and set!

Columbus Day

(OCTOBER 12)



IMMORTAL MORN

Hezekiah Butterworth

Immortal morn, all hail!
That saw Columbus sail
By faith alone!
The skies before him bowed,
Back rolled the ocean proud,
And every lifting cloud
With glory shone.

Fair science then was born,
On that celestial morn,
Faith dared the sea;
Triumphant over foes
Then Truth immortal rose,
New heavens to disclose,
And earth to free.

Strong Freedom then came forth, To liberate the earth And crown the right; So walked the pilot bold Upon the sea of gold, And darkness backward rolled, And there was light.

THE PRAYER OF COLUMBUS

Walt Whitman

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand; That Thou, O God, my life hast lighted, With ray of light, steady, ineffable, vouchsafed of Thee, Light rare untellable, lighting the very light, Beyond all signs, descriptions, languages; For that, O God, be it my latest word, here on my knees, Old, poor, and paralyzed, I thank Thee.

My terminus near,
The clouds already closing in upon me,
The voyage balk'd, the course disputed, lost,
I yield my ships to Thee.
My hands, my limbs grow nerveless,
My brain feels rack'd, bewildered,
Let the old timbers part, I will not part,
I will cling fast to Thee, O God, though the waves buffet me,
Thee, Thee at least I know.

COLUMBIAN ODE

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Ι

Four hundred years ago a tangled waste
Lay sleeping on the west Atlantic's side;
Their devious ways the Old World's millions traced
Content, and loved, and labored, dared and died,

While students still believed the charts they conned, And reveled in their thriftless ignorance, Nor dreamed of other lands that lay beyond Old Ocean's dense, indefinite expanse.

II

But deep within her heart old Nature knew
That she had once arrayed, at Earth's behest,
Another offspring, fine and fair to view,—
The chosen suckling of the mother's breast.
The child was wrapped in vestments soft and fine,
Each fold a work of Nature's matchless art;
The mother looked on it with love divine,
And strained the loved one closely to her heart.
And there it lay, and with the warmth grew strong
And hearty, by the salt sea breezes fanned,
Till Time with mellowing touches passed along,
And changed the infant to a mighty land.

III

But men knew naught of this, till there arose That mighty mariner, the Genoese, Who dared to try, in spite of fears and foes, The unknown fortunes of unsounded seas. O noblest of Italia's sons, thy bark Went not alone into that shrouding night! O dauntless darer of the rayless dark, The world sailed with thee to eternal light! The deer-haunts that with game were crowded then To-day are tilled and cultivated lands; The schoolhouse tow'rs where Bruin had his den, And where the wigwam stood the chapel stands; The place that nurtured men of savage mien Now teems with men of Nature's noblest types; Where moved the forest-foliage banner green, Now flutters in the breeze the stars and stripes!

COLUMBUS

Joaquin Miller

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores;
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!

Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! a light! a light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

United Nations' Day

(OCTOBER 24)



FEDERATION OF THE WORLD

Alfred Tennyson

. . . . I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see, Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails, Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm, With the standards of the peoples plunging through the thunderstorm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world.

——from Locksley Hall

BROTHERHOOD

Edwin Markham

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long-lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves,
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way:
Blind creeds and kings have had their day.
Break the dead branches from the path:
Our hope is in the aftermath—
Our hope is in heroic men,
Star-led to build the world again.
To this Event the ages ran:
Make way for Brotherhood—make way for Man.

A CREED

Edwin Markham

There is a destiny that makes us brothers:
None goes his way alone:
All that we send into the lives of others
Comes back into our own.

I care not what his temples or his creeds, One thing holds firm and fast— That into his fateful heap of days and deeds The soul of man is cast.

PEACE UNIVERSAL

Anna H. Thorne

Gift of the living God to mortal man; A bridge, the gates of life and death to span.

A stir, a breath, a dream, a fantasy, The silent, onward tread of destiny.

Thy Promised One, oh, man! majestic, sweet; The fires of dawn still clinging to her feet.

Thine, man, to have and hold, if thou dost choose; Everything to gain, and all to lose.

Sphinx-like, yet beautiful, about her face Linger the star-flowers of a nameless grace.

Oh, joy bells! ring the noble message forth; Flash it, electric currents, to the North,

The South, the subtle East, the stalwart West; From sea to sea, from mountain crest to crest.

"Peace Universal," shall thy watchword be— The touchstone of thy Christianity.

Sheathe thou the sword, the dying century's shame; Quench, in man's love to man, the lurid battle flame.

Where is the interpreter who shall arise To write my message on the changeless skies?

I am the genius of the age to be; My name is Peace; my guerdon, Opportunity.

These are my words, O man! All nations of the earth Are of one blood, one consecrated birth.

Where is the conqueror at whose knightly tread The tiger hounds of war shall crouch in dread?

At sight of whom, like some archangel mild, Or some new vision of the Holy Child,

Old wrongs shall perish and pass out of sight Into the darkness of an endless night?

PROSPECT

Thomas Curtis Clark

War will not always be. A time will surely come When men will pause and say: "In this, the fair today Our minds can scarce believe That our forefathers strove As very beasts, in blood-Contemned the way of love! The world took up the sword And bathed the land in gore; At one fell, fateful word Our nation grimly swore To give its gold, its life, In never ceasing strife To slay its haughty foe!-But that was long ago."

And other men will say:
"Yes, 'twas a bloody tale—
More ghastly none can know—
But that was long ago."

PEACE

Clinton Scollard

Not with the high-voiced fife,
Nor with the deep-voiced drum,
To mark the end of strife
The perfect Peace shall come.

Nor pomp nor pageant grand Shall bring War's blest surcease, But silent, from God's hand Shall come the perfect Peace!

THE WINDS OF GOD

Clinton Scollard

Across the azure spaces, Athwart the vasts of sky, With winnowings of mighty wings The winds of God go by.

Above the meres and mountains, With unseen sandals shod, Above the plains, with choric strains, Sweep by the winds of God.

"Peace—in His name!" they murmur; "Peace—in His name!" they cry. Oh, men, give ear! Do you not hear The winds of God go by?

THE FATHERLAND

James Russell Lowell

Where is the true man's fatherland?

Is it where he by chance is born?

Doth not the yearning spirit scorn

In such scant borders to be spanned?

O, yes! his fatherland must be

As the blue heaven wide and free!

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this?
O, yes! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven wide and free!

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birth-place grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland!

Theodore Roosevelt's Birthday

(born OCTOBER 27, 1858)

SAGAMORE*

Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

At Sagamore the Chief lies low—
Above the hill in circled row
The whirring airplanes dip and fly,
A guard of honor from the sky;—
Eagles to guard the Eagle. Woe
Is on the world. The people go
With listless footstep, blind and slow;—
For one is dead—who shall not die—
At Sagamore.

Oh! Land he loved, at last you know The son who served you well below, The prophet voice, the visioned eye. Hold him in ardent memory, For one is gone—who shall not go—From Sagamore!

OUR COLONEL

Arthur Guiterman

Deep loving, well knowing His world and its blindness, A heart overflowing With measureless kindness,

*Written in memory of her brother, Theodore Roosevelt.

Undaunted in labor (And Death was a trifle), Steel true as a sabre, Direct as a rifle.

All Man in his doing, All Boy in his laughter, He fronted, unerring, The Now and Hereafter.

A storm-battling cedar, A comrade, a brother— Oh, such was our Leader, Beloved as no other!

When weaker souls faltered His courage remade us, Whose tongue never paltered, Who never betrayed us.

His hand on your shoulder All honors exceeding, What breast but was bolder, Because he was leading!

And still in our trouble, In peace or in war-time, His word shall redouble Our strength as afore-time.

When wrongs cry for righting, No odds shall appall us; To clean honest fighting Again he will call us.

And, cow-boys or dough-boys, We'll follow his drum, boys, Who never said, "Go, boys!" But always said, "Come, boys!"

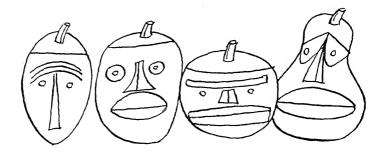
Halloween

(OCTOBER 31)

LITANY FOR HALLOWEEN

Unknown

From Ghoulies and Ghosties, Long-leggety Beasties, And THINGS That go BUMP in the night, Good Lord, deliver us!



HALLOWEEN

Ioel Benton

Pixie, kobold, elf, and sprite, All are on their rounds tonight; In the wan moon's silver ray, Thrives their helter-skelter play.

Fond of cellar, barn, or stack, True unto the almanac, They present to credulous eyes Strange hobgoblin mysteries.

Cabbage stumps—straws wet with dew—Apple-skins, and chestnuts too,
And a mirror for some lass
Show what wonders come to pass.

Doors they move, and grates they hide; Mischiefs that on moonbeams ride Are their deeds—and, by their spells, Love records its oracles.

Don't we all, of long ago, By the ruddy fireplace glow, In the kitchen and the hall, Those queer, cooflike pranks recall?

Eery shadows were they then— But tonight they come again; Were we once more but sixteen, Precious would be Halloween.

THE FAIRIES

Sybil Morford

Have you ever heard the tapping of the fairy cobbler men, When the moon is shining brightly thro' the branches in the glen? Have you seen a crew of goblins in a water-lily boat, Softly sliding, gently gliding, 'Mid the rushes tall afloat?

Have you seen the sleeping goblins 'neath the mushrooms on the hills? Have you heard the rippling music of the tiny fairy rills?

Have you seen the looms where spiders spin their sparkling silver threads?

Brightly shining and entwining

Round the nodding flower heads?

Have you seen the magic circles where the little fairies play, From the last soft flush of sunset, till the first bright gleam of day? Have you seen a band of fairies, with their pickaxes so bold, Talking gravely, trudging bravely, Off to seek for fairy gold?

If you want to see the fairies, you must visit them at night, When the silvery stars are gleaming and the moon is shining bright. If you make no sound to warn them, you will see the fairy-men Laughing, singing, harebells ringing, While the moonbeams light the glen.

WHAT THE GRAY CAT SINGS

Arthur Guiterman

The Cat was once a weaver,

A weaver, a weaver,

An old and withered weaver

Who labored late and long;

And while she made the shuttle hum

And wove the weft and clipped the thrum,

Beside the loom with droning drum

She sang the weaving song:

"Pr-rrum, pr-rrum,

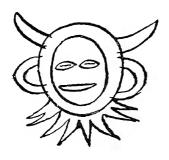
Thr-ree thr-reads in the thr-rum,

Pr-rrum!"

The Cat's no more a weaver,
A weaver, a weaver,
An old and wrinkled weaver,
For though she did no wrong,

A witch hath changed the shape of her That dwindled down and clothed in fur Beside the hearth with droning purr She thrums her weaving song:

"Pr-rrum, pr-rrum,
Thr-ree thr-reads in the thr-rum,
Pr-rrum!"



THE BAD KITTENS

Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

You may call, you may call But the little black cats won't hear you. The little black cats are maddened

By the bright green light of the moon; They are whirling and running and hiding, They are wild who were once so confiding, They are crazed when the moon is riding—

You will not catch the kittens soon. They care not for saucers of milk, They think not of pillows of silk; Your softest, crooningest call

Is less than the buzzing of flies.
They are seeing more than you see,
They are hearing more than you hear,
And out of the darkness they peer
With a goblin light in their eyes!

NOVEMBER

Hartley Coleridge

The mellow year is hasting to its close;
The little birds have almost sung their last;
Their small notes twitter in the dreary blast,
That shrill-piped harbinger of early snows;
The patient beauty of the scentless rose
Oft with the morn's hoar crystal quaintly glassed
Hangs a pale mourner for the summer past
And makes a little summer where it grows,
In the chill sunbeam of the faint, brief day.
The dusky waters shudder as they shine;
The russet leaves obstruct the straggling way
Of oozy brooks, which no deep banks confine,
And the gaunt woods, in ragged, scant array,
Wrap their old limbs with somber ivy-twine.

All Souls' Day

(NOVEMBER 2)

PRAY FOR THE DEAD

Arthur Dentworth Hamilton Eaton

Love well and pray for all thy dead: God gives thee such sweet liberty, He means where'er their souls are sped, That they shall be in touch with thee.

THE ONE FORGOTTEN

Dora Sigerson

A spirit speeding down on All Souls' Eve
From the wide gates of that mysterious shore
Where sleep the dead, sung softly and yet sweet.
"So gay a wind was never heard before,"
The old man said, and listened by the fire;
And, "'Tis the souls that pass us on their way,"
The young maids whispered, clinging side by side—
So left their glowing huts awhile to pray.

Still the pale spirit, singing through the night,
Came to this window, looking from the dark
Into the room; then passing to the door
Where crouched the whining dog, afraid to bark,
Tapped gently without answer, pressed the latch,
Pushed softly open, and then tapped once more.
The maidens cried, when seeking for the ring,
"How strange a wind is blowing on the door!"

And said the old man, crouching to the fire:

"Draw close your chairs, for colder falls the night;
Push fast the door, and pull the curtains to,
For it is dreary in the moon's pale light."
And then his daughter's daughter with her hand
Passed over salt and clay to touch the ring,
Said low: "The old need fire, but ah! the young
Have that within their hearts to flame and sting."

And then the spirit, moving from her place,

Touched there a shoulder, whispered in each ear,
Bent by the old man, nodding in his chair,
But no one heeded her, or seemed to hear.
Then crew the black cock, and so, weeping sore,
She went alone into the night again;
And said the graybeard, reaching for his glass,

"How sad a wind blows on the window-pane!"

And then from dreaming the long dreams of age,
He woke, remembering, and let fall a tear:
"Alas! I have forgot—and have you gone?—
I set no chair to welcome you, my dear."
And said the maidens, laughing in their play:
"How he goes groaning, wrinkle-faced and hoar.
He is so old, and angry with his age—
Hush! hear the banshee sobbing past the door."

GOD'S ACRE

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith, that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the archangel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod, And spread the furrow for the seed we sow; This is the field and Acre of our God, This is the place where human harvests grow.

Election Day

(1St TUESDAY AFTER 1St MONDAY in NOVEMBER)

THE BALLOT

John Pierpont

A weapon that comes down as still As snowflakes fall upon the sod; But executes a freeman's will, As lightning does the will of God.

GOD GIVE US MEN!

Josiah Gilbert Holland

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor; men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps.

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

John Greenleaf Whittier

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
Today, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
Today, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall;
The ballot box my throne!

Who serves today upon the list
Beside the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor;
The weak is strong today;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
Than homespun frock of gray.

Today let pomp and vain pretense
My stubborn right abide;
I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
Today shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress, Or balance to adjust, Where weighs our living manhood less Than Mammon's vilest dust,— While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man today!

BUILDERS OF THE STATE

Richard Watson Gilder

Who builds the state? Not he whose power Rooted in wrong, in gold intrenched, Makes him the regent of the hour;
The eternal light cannot be quenched:

This shall outlive his little span; Shine fierce upon each tainted scheme; Shall show where shame blots all the plan; The treachery in the dazzling dream.

He builds the state who builds on truth,— Not he who, crushing toward his aim, Strikes conscience from the throne, and ruth, To win a dark, unpiteous fame.

He builds the state who to that task
Brings strong, clean hands, and purpose pure;
Who wears not virtue as a mask;
He builds the state that shall endure—

The state wherein each loyal son Holds as a birthright from true sires Treasures of honor, nobly won, And freedom's never-dying fires.

POLITICS

Alfred Tennyson

We move, the wheel must always move,
Nor always on the plain,
And if we move to such a goal
As Wisdom hopes to gain,
Then you that drive, and know your Craft,
Will firmly hold the rein,
Nor lend an ear to random cries,
Or you may drive in vain,
For some cry "Quick" and some cry "Slow,"
But, while the hills remain,
Uphill "Too-slow" will need the whip,
Downhill "Too-quick" the chain.

Armistice Day

(NOVEMBER 11)



NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

Katherine Burton

To stone memorials of a bitter loss
In many countries, men and women bring
Their flower clusters and their laurel wreaths;
They linger there a while, remembering.
From Mary's litany I draw a rose,
One golden phrase of blossoming surcease,
To add to all the heaped up tribute there:
"Pray for us, Mary, Queen of Peace!"

Over the world the screaming tongues of hate Silence the love and leave us grief and pain; And stupid wealth and cold unseeing greed Look upon human suffering with disdain. From Nazareth she saw Him go to meet Hatred and pain ending in death's release—In name of all our sons growing to men, Pray for us, Mary, Queen of Peace!

They seize the bells that hymn the Lord of Life; They break the gently rounded bronze apart That sings a human praise for Love divine, And make it into bullets for His heart. Pray the fulfillment of your Son's high will, That in our world the sin of hate shall cease, And women's sons be brothers and not foes,— Pray for us, Mary, Queen of Peace!

IT SHALL NOT BE AGAIN!

Thomas Curtis Clark

Who goes there, in the night, Across the storm-swept plain? We are the ghosts of a valiant war— A million murdered men!

Who goes there, at the dawn, Across the sun-swept plain? We are the hosts of those who swear, It shall not be again!

ARMISTICE DAY

Roselle Mercier Montgomery

I think I hear them stirring there, today, Who have lain still So long, so long, beside the Aisne and Loire, On Verdun hill.

I think I hear them whispering, today,
The young, the brave,
The gallant and the gay—unmurmuring long,
There in the grave.

I think I hear them sighing there, today— They sigh for all

The glory and the wonder that was life—Beyond recall!

I think that their young eyes are wistfully On us who go

So gayly to our sports, this holiday . . . I think they know!

I think that they are listening today . . . I feel them near!

Our orators declaim—they answer back, "Why lie we here?"

Across the fleet, forgetting years it comes, Today—their cry,

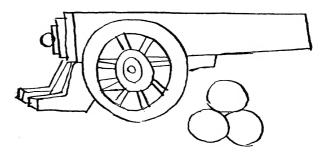
"O World, O World, if it was all in vain, Why did we die?"

Above the earth's enduring hates, they ask, "Was it—for this?"

I think they are remembering, this day Of Armistice!

And oh, I think I hear them weeping there Who should be sleeping . . .

A plaintive thing—to hear across the world The young dead weeping!



IN FLANDERS FIELDS

John McCrae

In Flanders fields the poppies blow Between the crosses, row on row, That mark our place; and in the sky The larks, still bravely singing, fly Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved, and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

IN DISTRUST OF MERITS

Marianne Moore

Strengthened to live, strengthened to die for medals and positioned victories? They're fighting, fighting, fighting the blind man who thinks he sees,— who cannot see that the enslaver is enslaved; the hater, harmed. O shining O firm star, O tumultuous ocean lashed till small things go as they will, the mountainous wave makes us who look, know

depth. Lost at sea before they fought! O
Star of David, star of Bethlehem,
O black imperial lion
of the Lord—emblem
of a risen world—be joined at last, be
joined. There is hate's crown beneath which all is
death; there's love's without which none
is king; the blessed deeds bless
the halo. As contagion
of sickness makes sickness,

contagion of trust can make trust. They're fighting in deserts and caves, one by one, in battalions and squadrons; they're fighting that I may yet recover from the disease, my self; some have it lightly, some will die. "Man's wolf to man?" And we devour ourselves? The enemy could not have made a greater breach in our defenses. One pilot-

ing a blind man can escape him, but
Job disheartened by false comfort knew,
that nothing is so defeating
as a blind man who
can see. O alive who are dead, who are
proud not to see, O small dust of the earth
that walks so arrogantly,
trust begets power and faith is
an affectionate thing. We
vow, we make this promise

to the fighting—it's a promise—"We'll never hate black, white, red, yellow, Jew, Gentile, Untouchable." We are not competent to

make our vows. With set jaw they are fighting, fighting, fighting,—some we love whom we know, some we love but know not—that hearts may feel and not be numb, It cures me; or am I what I can't believe in? Some

in snow, some on crags, some in quicksands,
little by little, much by much, they
are fighting, fighting, fighting that where
there was death there may
be life. "When a man is prey to anger,
he is moved by outside things; when he holds
his ground in patience patience
patience, that is action or
beauty," the soldier's defense
and hardest armor for

the fight. The world's an orphan's home. Shall we never have peace without sorrow? without pleas of the dying for help that won't come? O quiet form upon the dust, I cannot look and yet I must. If these great patient dyings—all these agonies and woundbearings and blood shed—can teach us how to live, these dyings were not wasted.

Hate-hardened heart, O heart of iron, iron is iron till it is rust.

There never was a war that was not inward; I must fight till I have conquered in myself what causes war, but I would not believe it.

I inwardly did nothing.
O Iscariotlike crime!
Beauty is everlasting
and dust is for a time.

Thanksgiving

(4th THURSDAY in NOVEMBER)

A PSALM

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving;
Sing praise upon the harp unto our God:
Who covereth the heaven with clouds,
Who prepareth rain for the earth,
Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains,
And herb for the use of men.
He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which cry.
Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem;
Praise thy God, O Zion.

-from Psalm One Hundred and Forty-Seven



THE PUMPKIN

John Greenleaf Whittier

Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West, From North and from South come the pilgrim and guest, When the gray-haired New Englander sees round his board The old broken links of affection restored,

When the care-wearied man seeks his mother once more, And the worn matron smiles where the girl smiled before, What moistens the lip and what brightens the eye? What calls back the past, like the rich pumpkin pie?

O fruit loved of boyhood! the old days recalling,
When wood-grapes were purpling and brown nuts were falling!
When wild, ugly faces we carved in its skin,
Glaring out through the dark with a candle within!
When we laughed round the corn-heap, with hearts all in tune,
Our chair a broad pumpkin,—our lantern the moon,
Telling tales of the fairy who travelled like steam,
In a pumpkin-shell coach with two rats for her team!

Then thanks for thy present! none sweeter or better E'er smoked from an oven or circled a platter! Fairer hands never wrought at a pastry more fine, Brighter eyes never watched o'er its baking, than thine! And the prayer, which my mouth is too full to express, Swells my heart that thy shadow may never be less, That the days of thy lot may be lengthened below, And the fame of thy worth like a pumpkin-vine grow, And thy life be as sweet, and its last sunset sky Golden-tinted and fair as thy own Pumpkin pie!

HARVEST HYMN

John Greenleaf Whittier

Once more the liberal year laughs out O'er richer stores than gems of gold; Once more with harvest song and shout, Is nature's boldest triumph told.

Oh! favors old, yet ever new; Oh! blessings with the sunshine sent. The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom,
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Besides the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm Can change a rocky soil to gold;
And brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And by these altars wreathed with flowers, And fields with fruits awake again, Thanksgiving for the golden hours, The earlier and the latter rain.

SINGING THE REAPERS HOMEWARD COME

Unknown

Singing the reapers homeward come, Io! Io!
Merrily singing the harvest home, Io! Io!
Along the field, along the road,
Where autumn is scattering leaves abroad,
Homeward cometh the ripe last load, Io! Io!

Singers are filling the twilight dim
With the cheerful song, Io! Io!
The spirit of song ascends to Him
Who causeth the corn to grow.
He freely sent the gentle rain,
The summer sun glorified hill and plain,
To golden perfection brought the grain, Io! Io!

Silently, nightly, fell the dew,
Gently the rain, Io! Io!
But who can tell how the green corn grew,
Or who beheld it grow?
Oh! God the good, in sun and rain,
He look'd on the flourishing fields and grain,
Till they all appear'd on hill and plain
Like living gold, Io! Io!

A DECEMBER DAY

Sara Teasdale

Dawn turned on her purple pillow,
And late, late, came the winter day;
Snow was curved to the boughs of the willow,
The sunless world was white and grey.
At noon we heard a blue-jay scolding,
At five the last cold light was lost
From blackened windows faintly holding
The feathery filigree of frost.

First Day of Winter

WINTER NIGHT

Edna St. Vincent Millay

Pile high the hickory and the light Log of chestnut struck by the blight. Welcome-in the winter night.

The day has gone in hewing and felling, Sawing and drawing wood to the dwelling For the night of talk and story-telling.

These are the hours that give the edge To the blunted axe and the bent wedge, Straighten the saw and lighten the sledge.

Here are question and reply, And the fire reflected in the thinking eye. So peace, and let the bob-cat cry.



Forefather's Day

(DECEMBER 22)

THE WORD OF GOD TO LEYDEN CAME

Jeremiah Eames Rankin

The word of God to Leyden came,
Dutch town by Zuyder Zee:
Rise up, my children of no name,
My kings and priests to be.
There is an empire in the West,
Which I will soon unfold;
A thousand harvests in her breast,
Rocks ribbed with iron and gold.

Rise up, my children, time is ripe!
Old things are passed away.
Bishops and kings from earth I wipe;
Too long they've had their day.
A little ship have I prepared
To bear you o'er the seas;
And in your souls, my will declared,
Shall grow by slow degrees.

Beneath my throne the martyrs cry:
I hear their voice, How long?
It mingles with their praises high,
And with their victor song.
The thing they longed and waited for,
But died without the sight;
So, this shall be! I wrong abhor,
The world I'll now set right.

Leave, then, the hammer and the loom,
You've other work to do;
For Freedom's commonwealth there's room,
And you shall build it too.
I'm tired of bishops and their pride,
I'm tired of kings as well;
Henceforth I take the people's side,
And with the people dwell.

Tear off the mitre from the priest,
And from the king, his crown;
Let all my captives be released;
Lift up, whom men cast down.
Their pastors let the people choose,
And choose their rulers too;
Whom they select, I'll not refuse,
But bless the work they do.

The Pilgrims rose, at this, God's word,
And sailed the wintry seas:
With their own flesh nor blood conferred,
Nor thought of wealth or ease.
They left the towers of Leyden town,
They left the Zuyder Zee;
And where they cast their anchor down,
Rose Freedom's realm to be.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

Felicia Dorothea Hemans

The breaking waves dashed high On a stern and rock-bound coast, And the woods against a stormy sky Their giant branches tossed. And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim wood rang
To the anthems of the free!

The ocean-eagle soared

From his nest by the white waves' foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared,—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair Amidst that pilgrim-band; Why had they come to wither there, Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,

The soil where first they trod!

They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God!

THE PILGRIM FATHERS

William Wordsworth

Well worthy to be magnified are they
Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took
A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,
And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay;
Then to the new-found World explored their way,
That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook
Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook
Her Lord might worship and His word obey
In freedom. Men they were who could not bend;
Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide
A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified;
Blest while their spirits from the woods ascend
Along a galaxy that knows no end,
But in His glory who for sinners died.

AMERICAN HISTORY

Marguerite Janvrin Adams

Priscilla and John Alden lie at rest, Her small hands, folded close against her breast, And his, that once were intimate with toil, Are still a part of this New England soil. God's Acre is an easier field to plough— Earth presses on their eyelids gently now.

Across the hills their cottage still remains. Dust of the summer, deluge of the rains Season its timbers, while the hearth they made Is trimly swept, and wooden platters laid On sturdy tables, as they were before; And all is snug behind the rough-hewn door.

So we are drawn together in that hour.
We pause a moment, pick a ragged flower
Creeping across the threshold, lean to trace
The letters of those names that interlace,
And nod our heads in salutation, knowing
Whose steps we hear along the salt wind's blowing!

Christmas

(DECEMBER 25)

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

St. Luke 2:8-16

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

THE LIGHT OF BETHLEHEM

John Banister Tabb

'Tis Christmas Night! the snow A flock unnumbered lies; The old Judean stars aglow Keep watch within the skies.

An icy stillness holds
The pulses of the night;
A deeper mystery enfolds
The wondering Hosts of Light.

Till lo, with reverence pale
That dims each diadem,
The lordliest, earthward bending, hail
The Light of Bethlehem!

PRAYER

John Farrar

Last night I crept across the snow, Where only tracking rabbits go, And then I waited quite alone Until the Christmas radiance shone!

At midnight twenty angels came, Each white and shining like a flame. At midnight twenty angels sang, The stars swung out like bells and rang.

They lifted me across the hill, They bore me in their arms until A greater glory greeted them. It was the town of Bethlehem. And gently, then, they set me down, All worshipping that holy town, And gently, then, they bade me raise My head to worship and to praise.

And gently, then, the Christ smiled down. Ah, there was glory in that town! It was as if the world were free And glistening with purity.

And in that vault of crystal blue, It was as if the world were new, And myriad angels, file on file, Gloried in the Christ-Child's smile.

It was so beautiful to see Such glory, for a child like me, So beautiful, it does not seem It could have been a Christmas dream.

OX AND DONKEY'S CAROL

Sister Maris Stella

The Christ-child lay in the ox's stall, The stars shone great and the stars shone small, But one bright star outshone them all.

The cattle stood in the cleanly straw And strange to them was the sight they saw. The ox and the donkey watched with awe.

The shepherds ran from the uplands wide, The sheepbells tinkled, the angels cried Joy to the dreaming country side.

The three kings bowed at the stable door, Their raiment trailed on the dusty floor. They saw the sight they had journeyed for. The kings came last in a lordly throng.

The shepherds ran in the space of a song,

But the beasts had been there all night long.

Noel Noel Noel

STAR OF THE EAST

Eugene Field

Star of the East, that long ago
Brought wise men on their way
Where, angels singing to and fro,
The Child of Bethlehem lay—
Above that Syrian hill afar
Thou shinest out to-night, O Star!

Star of the East, the night were drear
But for the tender grace
That with thy glory comes to cheer
Earth's loneliest, darkest place;
For by that charity we see
Where there is hope for all and me.

Star of the East! show us the way
In wisdom undefiled
To seek that manger out and lay
Our gifts before the child—
To bring our hearts and offer them
Unto our King in Bethlehem!

THE CHRISTMAS CANDLE

Kate Louise Brown

Little taper set tonight, Throw afar thy tiny light Up and down the darksome street, Guide the tender, wandering feet Of the darling Christ-child sweet. He is coming in the snow, As He came so long ago; When the stars set o'er the hill, When the town is dark and still, Comes to do the Father's will.

Little taper, spread thy ray, Make His pathway light as day; Let some door be open wide For this guest of Christmastide, Dearer than all else beside.

Little Christ-child, come to me, Let my heart Thy shelter be; Such a home Thou wilt not scorn. So the bells on Christmas morn, Glad shall ring, "A Christ is born!"



EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE CHRISTMAS TONIGHT

Phillips Brooks

Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine, Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine; Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white, Christmas where corn-fields lie sunny and bright; Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight! Christmas where children are hopeful and gay, Christmas where old men are patient and gray, Christmas where peace, like a dove in its flight, Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight; Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all; No palace too great—no cottage too small. The angels who welcome Him sing from the height, "In the city of David a King in His might." Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin, Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right, Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light, Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round, Shall see a strange glory and hear a sweet sound, And cry, "Look! the earth is aflame with delight, O sons of the morning rejoice at the sight." Everywhere, everywhere Christmas tonight!

LITTLE CHRIST CHILD

Elsie M. Fowler

Little Christ Child, did you know
On that Christmas, long ago
When the wise men from afar
Followed—till they found your star,
Did you know that hallowed night
Started all the world aright,
That each Christmas through the years,
Wistful eyes are spared their tears,

Longing hearts find comfort, peace—Sin-sad souls gain sure release,
Darkened hearts again are bright
With a holy Christmas light;
Childhood's empty hands are filled
Since the star its radiance spilled
In the manger, where you lay
Baby Jesus, Christmas Day?
Little Christ Child, did you know
On that Christmas long ago
That the glory of your night
Started all the world aright?

UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN

Alice Meynell

Given, not lent, And not withdrawn—once sent, This Infant of mankind, this One, Is still the little welcome Son.

New every year, New born and newly dear, He comes with tidings and a song, The ages long, the ages long;

Even as the cold Keen winter grows not old, As childhood is so fresh, foreseen, And spring in the familiar green.

Sudden as sweet Come the expected feet. All joy is young, and new all art, And He, too, Whom we have by heart.

A CHRISTMAS FOLK-SONG

Lizette Woodworth Reese

The little Jesus came to town;
The wind blew up, the wind blew down;
Out in the street the wind was bold;
Now who would house Him from the cold?

Then opened wide a stable door, Fair were the rushes on the floor; The Ox put forth a horned head: "Come, Little Lord, here make Thy bed."

Up rose the Sheep were folded near: "Thou Lamb of God, come, enter here." He entered there to rush and reed, Who was the Lamb of God, indeed.

The little Jesus came to town; With Ox and Sheep He laid Him down; Peace to the byre, peace to the fold, For that they housed Him from the cold!

A CHILD'S PRAYER

Francis Thompson

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just as small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?

Didst Thou sometimes think of THERE, And ask where all the angels were? I should think that I would cry For my house all made of sky; I would look about the air, And wonder where my angels were; And at waking 'twould distress me—Not an angel there to dress me!

Hadst Thou ever any toys,
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with all
The angels, that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the things
Play CAN YOU SEE ME? through their wings?

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands, this way?
And did they tire sometimes, being young,
And make the prayer seem very long?
And dost Thou like it best, that we
Should join our hands and pray to Thee?
I used to think, before I knew
The prayer not said unless we do.
And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee and fold the clothes in right?
And didst Thou feel quite good in bed,
Kisses, and sweet, and Thy prayers said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all That it feels like to be small: And Thou know'st I cannot pray To Thee in my father's way—When Thou wast so little, say, Could'st Thou talk Thy Father's way?—So, a little child, come down And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;

Take me by the hand and walk, And listen to my baby talk. To Thy Father show my prayer (He will look, Thou art so fair), And say: "O Father, I, Thy son, Bring the prayer of a little one."

And He will smile, that children's tongue Hast not changed since Thou wast young!

CHRISTMAS BELLS

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I heard the bells on Christmas Day
Their old, familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearth-stones of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head;
"There is no peace on earth," I said;
"For hate is strong,
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep: "God is not dead; nor doth he sleep!

The Wrong shall fail,

The Right prevail,

With peace on earth, good will to men!"

CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME

Sir Walter Scott

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill; But, let it whistle as it will, We'll keep our Christmas merry still. Each age has deemed the new-born year The fittest time for festal cheer.

And well our Christmas sires of old Loved, when the year its course had rolled And brought blithe Christmas back again With all its hospitable train, With social and religious rite To honor all the holy night. On Christmas-eve the bells were rung; On Christmas-eve the mass was sung. Then opened wide the Baron's hall To vassal, tenant, serf, and all; Power laid his rod of rule aside, And Ceremony doffed her pride.

All hailed with uncontrolled delight And general voice the happy night, That to the cottage, as the crown, Brought tidings of salvation down.

The fire, with well-dried logs supplied, Went roaring up the chimney wide; The huge hall-table's oaken face, Scrubbed till it shone, the day to grace, Bore then upon its massive board No mark to part the squire and lord.

Then came the merry maskers in And carols roared with blithesome din. If unmelodious was the song, It was a hearty note and strong. England was merry England when Old Christmas brought his sports again. 'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale; 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol oft could cheer The poor man's heart through half the year.

YULE-TIDE FIRES

Unknown

Light with the burning log of oak The darkness of thy care, Deck with the scarlet-berried bough The temple of the fair; Spread pure white linen for a feast, Perchance some guest may share.

Give forth thy gold and silver coins, For they were lent to thee; Put out to usury thy dross, One talent gaineth three. Perchance the hungered and the poor May pray to God for thee. Once a pale star rose in the East For watching herds to see, And weakness came to Bethlehem, And strength to Galilee. Perchance! if thou dost keep thy tryst A star may rise for thee



A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap, His hair was like a light. (O weary, weary were the world, But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast, His hair was like a star. (O stern and cunning are the kings, But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart, His hair was like a fire. (O weary, weary is the world, But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee, His hair was like a crown, And all the flowers looked up at Him And all the stars looked down.

Saint Stephen's Day

(DECEMBER 26)

GOOD KING WENCESLAUS

John M. Neale

Good King Wenceslaus looked out On the Feast of Stephen, When the snow lay round about, Deep, and crisp, and even: Brightly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was cruel, When a poor man came in sight, Gath'ring winter fuel.

"Hither, Page, and stand by me, If thou know'st it, telling, Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?" "Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the mountain; Right against the forest fence, By Saint Agnes' fountain."

In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Special Days

Birthdays

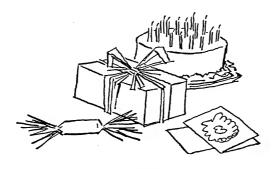
A BIRTHDAY SONG

Richard Watson Gilder

I thought this day to bring to thee A flower that grows on the red rose tree. I searched the branches—O, despair! Of roses every branch was bare.

I thought to sing thee a birthday song As wild as my love, as deep and strong. The song took wing like a frightened bird, And its music my maiden never heard.

But, Love, the flower and the song divine One day of the year will yet be thine; And thou shalt be glad when the rose I bring, And weep for joy at the song I sing.



AGE

Edward Tuck

Age is a quality of mind; If you've left your dreams behind, If Hope is cold, If you no longer look ahead, If your ambition's fires are dead, Then you are old.

But,—if from Life you take the best, If in Life you keep the zest, If Love you hold, No matter how the years go by, No matter how the birthdays fly, You are not old.

A WISH

Ben Jonson

The fairy beam upon you,
The stars to glisten on you;
A moon of light
In the noon of night,
Till the fire drake hath o'ergone you!
The wheel of fortune guide you,
The boy with the bow beside you
Run aye in the way,
Till the bird of day
And the luckier lot betide you!

----from The Gipsies Metamorphosed

WE ARE NEVER OLD

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Spring still makes spring in the mind When sixty years are told;
Love wakes anew this throbbing heart,
And we are never old;

Over the winter glaciers
I see the summer glow,
And through the wild-piled snowdrift
The warm rosebuds below.

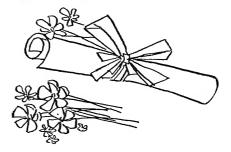
——from The World-Soul

MY BIRTHDAY

Thomas Moore

"My birthday!" What a different sound That word had in my youthful ears! And how, each time the day comes round, Less and less white its mark appears!

Commencement



AT GRADUATING TIME

Unknown

The graduates are going forth—
God bless them every one!—
To run this hard and stubborn world
Just as it should be run;
But much I fear they'll find that facts
Don't always track with dreams;
And running this old world is not
As easy as it seems.

The graduate is prone to think
His wisdom is complete.
He's but to ask—the world will lay
Its trophies at his feet.
But school days done and work begun,
He learns to his regret
The college of experience
He has not mastered yet.

The world has garlands and applause
At graduating time;
But may forget him the next day
When he attempts to climb.

Life is a battle where each one Must seek and hold his own. He who would rise above the clouds Must scale the heights alone.

This is the rule of life today,
As it has ever been:
The world bestows its smile on those
Who have the strength to win.
Beneath all outward semblances
It looks for merit true.
It little cares how much you know,
But asks, what can you do?

AT SCHOOL-CLOSE

John Greenleaf Whittier

The end has come, as come it must
To all things; in these sweet June days
The teacher and the scholar trust
Their parting feet to separate ways.

They part: but in the years to be Shall pleasant memories cling to each, As shells bear inland from the sea The murmur of the rhythmic beach.

O Youth and Beauty, loved of all! Ye pass from girlhood's gate of dreams; In broader ways your footsteps fall, Ye test the truth of all that seems.

Her little realm the teacher leaves, She breaks her wand of power apart, While, for your love and trust, she gives The warm thanks of a grateful heart. Hers is the sober summer noon Contrasted with your morn of spring, The waning with the waxing moon, The folded with the outspread wing.

Across the distance of the years
She sends her God-speed back to you;
She has no thought of doubts or fears:
Be but yourselves, be pure, be true,

And prompt in duty; heed the deep,
Low voice of conscience; through the ill
And discord round about you, keep
Your faith in human nature still.

Be gentle: unto griefs and needs,
Be pitiful as woman should,
And, spite of all the lies of creeds,
Hold fast the truth that God is good.

Give and receive; go forth and bless
The world that needs the hand and heart
Of Martha's helpful carefulness
No less than Mary's better part.

So shall the stream of time flow by And leave each year a richer good, And matron loveliness outvie The nameless charm of maidenhood.

And, when the world shall link your names With gracious lives and manners fine, The teacher shall assert her claims, And proudly whisper, "These were mine!"

AT THIS FAREWELL

William Wordsworth

COMPOSED IN ANTICIPATION OF LEAVING SCHOOL

Dear native regions, I foretell, From what I feel at this farewell, That, whereso'er my steps may tend, And whenso'er my course shall end, If in that hour a single tie Survive of local sympathy, My soul will cast the backward view, The longing look alone on you.

Thus, while the sun sinks down to rest Far in the regions of the west, Though to the vale no parting beam Be given, not one memorial gleam, A lingering light he fondly throws On the dear hills where first he rose.

IN A GIRLS' SCHOOL

David Morton

These walls will not forget, through later days,

How they had bloomed with lifted, tossing heads
Of swaying girls who thronged these ordered ways,

Like windy tulips blowing in their beds.
They will remember laughter down a hall,

And eyes more bright than blossoms in the grass—
A dream to haunt them, after all and all,

When they are dead with dusty things that pass.

So that some wind of beauty, waking then,
Whose breath shall be new summertimes for earth,
Will stir these scattered stones to dream again,
Of blowing shapes, of brightening eyes and mirth,
And corridors, like windy tulip beds,
Of swaying girls and lifted, tossing heads.

State's Day



In most of the States of the United States, a day is observed to honor the date of the admission to the Union of that particular State. In most cases it is observed on the date of admission, and is known as Admission Day. Very often a whole week is observed.

In this section an attempt has been made to bring together the State Songs of all 48 States, Alaska, and Hawaii. To be considered Official, a law must have passed the State Legislature making the song the Official State Song. Where a song is included here but marked Unofficial, it is generally known as the State Song, but has not passed the State Legislature as such.

The States of California, Massachusetts, New York, Ohio and Wisconsin are not represented here because they have no song considered as a State Song. The Official State Song of Colorado and the State Song of Missouri could not be included because the privilege to reprint was not granted by the copyright owners.

A SONG FOR THE STATES

Walt Whitman

I will make a song for these States that no one State may under any circumstances be subjected to another State,

And I will make a song that there shall be comity by day and by night between all the States, and between any two of them.

* * * * * * *

Interlink'd, food-yielding lands!

Land of coal and iron! land of gold! land of cotton, sugar, rice!

Land of wheat, beef, pork! land of wool and hemp! land of the apple and the grape!

Land of the pastoral plains, the grass-fields of the world! land of those sweet-air'd interminable plateaus!

Land of the herd, the garden, the healthy house of adobie!

Lands where the north-west Columbia winds, and where the south-west Colorado winds!

Land of the eastern Chesapeake! land of the Delaware!

Land of Ontario, Erie, Huron, Michigan!

Land of the Old Thirteen! Massachusetts land! land of Vermont and Connecticut.

Land of the ocean shores! land of sierras and peaks!

Land of boatmen and sailors! fishermen's land!

Inextricable lands! the clutch'd together! the passionate ones!

The side by side! the elder and younger brothers! the bony-limb'd!

The great women's land! the feminine! the experienced sisters and the inexperienced sisters!

Far breath'd land! Arctic braced! Mexican breez'd! the diverse! the compact!

The Pennsylvanian! the Virginian! the double Carolinian!

O all and each well-loved by me! my intrepid nations! O I at any rate include you all with perfect love!

I cannot be discharged from you! not from one any sooner than another!

O death! O for all that, I am yet of you unseen this hour with irrepressible love,

Walking New England, a friend, a traveler,

Splashing my bare feet in the edge of the summer ripples on Paumanok's sands,

Crossing the prairies, dwelling again in Chicago, dwelling in every town,

Observing shows, births, improvements, structures, arts,

Listening to orators and oratresses in public halls,

Of and through the States as during life, each man and woman my neighbor,

The Louisianian, the Georgian, as near to me, and I as near to him and her,

The Mississippian and Arkansian yet with me, and I yet with any of them,

Yet upon the plains west of the spinal river, yet in my house of adobie, Yet returning eastward, yet in the Seaside State or in Maryland,

Yet Kanadian cheerily braving the winter, the snow and ice welcome to me,

Yet a true son either of Maine or of the Granite State, or the Narragansett Bay State, or the Empire State,

Yet sailing to other shores to annex the same, yet welcoming every new brother,

Hereby applying these leaves to the new ones from the hour they unite with the old ones,

Coming among the new ones myself to be their companion and equal, coming personally to you now,

Enjoining you to acts, characters, spectacles, with me.

On my way a moment I pause,

Here for you! and here for America!

Still the present I raise aloft, still the future of the States I harbinge glad and sublime,

And for the past I pronounce what the air holds of the red aborigines.

The red aborigines,

Leaving natural breaths, sounds of rain and winds, calls as of birds and animals in the woods, syllabled, to us for names,

Okonee, Koosa, Ottawa, Monongahela, Sauk, Natchez, Chattahoochee, Kaqueta, Oronoco,

Wabash, Miami, Saginaw, Chippewa, Oshkosh, Walla-Walla,

Leaving such to the States they melt, they depart, charging the water and the land with names.

Expanding and swift, henceforth,

Elements, breeds, adjustments, turbulent, quick and audacious,

A world primal again, vistas of glory incessant and branching,

A new race dominating previous ones and grander far, with new contests,

New politics, new literatures and religions, new inventions and arts.

These, my voice announcing—I will sleep no more but arise, You oceans that have been calm within me! how I feel you, fathomless, stirring, preparing unprecedented waves and storms.

See, steamers steaming through my poems,

See, in my poems immigrants continually coming and landing,

See, in arriere, the wigwam, the trail, the hunter's hut, the flatboat, the maize-leaf, the claim, the rude fence, and the backwoods village,

See, on the one side the Western Sea and on the other the Eastern Sea, how they advance and retreat upon my poems as upon their own shores,

See, pastures and forests in my poems,—see, animals wild and tame—see, beyond the Kaw, countless herds of buffalo feeding on short curly grass,

See, in my poems, cities, solid, vast, inland, with paved streets, with iron and stone edifices, ceaseless vehicles, and commerce.

See, the many-cylinder'd steam printing-press—see, the electric telegraph stretching across the continent,

See, through Atlantica's depths pulses American Europe reaching, pulses of Europe duly return'd,

See, the strong and quick locomotive as it departs, panting, blowing the steam-whistle,

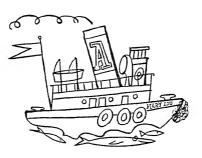
See, ploughmen ploughing farms—see, miners digging mines—see, the numberless factories,

See, mechanics busy at their benches with tools—see from among them

superior judges, philosophs, Presidents, emerge, drest in working dresses,

See, lounging through the shops and fields of the States, me well-be-lov'd, close-held by day and night,

Hear the loud echoes of my songs there—read the hints come at last.



ALABAMA

WORDS BY Julia S. Tutwiler MUSIC BY Edna Goeckel Gussen

- I. Alabama, Alabama, We will aye be true to thee, From thy Southern shore where groweth By the sea thine orange tree, To thy Northern vale where floweth Deep and blue thy Tennessee, Alabama, Alabama, We will aye be true to thee!
- 2. Broad the Stream whose name thou bearest;
 Grand thy Bigbee rolls along;
 Fair thy Coosa-Tallapoosa
 Bold thy Warrior, dark and strong,
 Goodlier than the land that Moses
 Climbed lone Nebo's Mount to see,
 Alabama, Alabama,
 We will aye be true to thee!
- 3. From thy prairies broad and fertile,
 Where thy snow-white cotton shines,
 To the hills where coal and iron
 Hide in thy exhaustless mines,
 Strong-armed miners—sturdy farmers;
 Loyal hearts whate'er we be,
 Alabama, Alabama,
 We will aye be true to thee!
- 4. From thy quarries where the marble White as that of Paros gleams Waiting till thy sculptor's chisel, Wake to life thy poet's dreams;

For not only wealth of nature, Wealth of mind hast thou to fee, Alabama, Alabama, We will aye be true to thee!

- 5. Where the perfumed south-wind whispers, Thy magnolia groves among, Softer than a mother's kisses, Sweeter than a mother's song; Where the golden jasmine trailing, Woos the treasure-laden bee, Alabama, Alabama, We will aye be true to thee!
- 6. Brave and pure thy men and women, Better this than corn and wine, Make us worthy, God in Heaven, Of this goodly land of Thine; Hearts as open as our doorways, Liberal hands and spirits free, Alabama, Alabama, We will aye be true to thee!
- 7. Little, little, can I give thee,
 Alabama, mother mine;
 But that little—hand, brain, spirit,
 All I have and am are thine,
 Take, O take the gift and giver,
 Take and serve thyself with me,
 Alabama, Alabama,
 I will aye be true to thee!

ARIZONA (admission date February 14, 1912) Official State Song

ARIZONA

WORDS BY Margaret Rowe Clifford MUSIC BY Maurice Blumenthal

Come to this land of sunshine
 To this land where life is young.
 Where the wide, wide world is waiting,
 The songs that will now be sung.
 Where the golden sun is flaming
 Into warm, white, shining day,
 And the sons of men are blazing
 Their priceless right of way.

Chorus

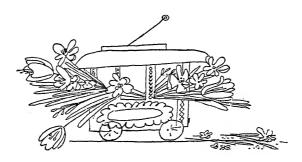
Sing the song that's in your hearts Sing of the great Southwest, Thank God, for Arizona In splendid sunshine dressed, For thy beauty and thy grandeur, For thy regal robes so sheen We hail thee Arizona Our goddess and our queen.

2. Come stand beside the rivers Within our valleys broad. Stand here with heads uncovered, In the presence of our God! While all around, about us The brave, unconquered band, As guardians and landmarks The giant mountains stand.

Chorus

3. Not alone for gold and silver
Is Arizona great.
But with graves of heroes sleeping,
All the land is consecrate!
Oh, come and live beside us
However far ye roam,
Come help us build up temples
And name those temples "home."

Chorus



ARKANSAS (admission date June 15, 1836) Official State Song

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER

Sanford C. Faulkner*

I. On a lonely road quite long ago
A trav'ler trod with fiddle and a bow;
While rambling thru the country rich and grand,
He quickly sensed the magic and the beauty of the land.

Chorus

For the Wonder State we'll sing a song, And lift our voices loud and long, For the Wonder State we'll shout Hurrah! And praise the opportunities we find in ARKANSAS.

*Arkansas historians generally agree that Colonel S. C. Faulkner (1803-74) composed both words and music to this song.

2. Many years have passed, the trav'lers gay Repeat the tune along the highway; And ev'ry voice that sings the glad refrain Re-echoes from the mountains to the fields of growing grain.

Chorus

CONNECTICUT (admission date January 9, 1788) Unofficial State Song

THE STATE WE HONOR

Fanny J. Crosby
Tune of "Red, White and Blue"

All hail to the State that we honor
And claim as the place of our birth;
The glory and pride of our nation,
The spot that is brightest on earth.
Unstained by the sword of the tyrant,
Its colors triumphantly wave:
Our Connecticut State, heaven bless it,
The home of the loyal and brave.

Chorus

The home of the loyal and brave:
The home of the loyal and brave:
Our Connecticut State, heaven bless it,
The home of the loyal and brave.

A song for the state that we honor,
A song for the wide spreading tree,
That grew by our own native river,
Nor dreamed what its future might be.

But in years when a haughty oppressor Demanded the CHARTER he gave: That CHARTER concealed in the darkness Was hid in the OAK by the brave.

A voice from the state that we honor,
An echo from valley and plain:
It bids us remember the watchword
That he who transplants will sustain.
'Twas the God of the faithful transplanted
Our sires from oppression's dark wave;
He sustained and He now is sustaining
Our home of the loyal and brave.

Then hurrah for the state that we honor,
Hurrah for our dear native land:
Of America's grand revolution,
The daughters, united, we stand;
Not a link from our bond shall be severed,
While freedom her standard shall wave:
Our Connecticut State, heaven bless it,
Three cheers for the loyal and brave.

DELAWARE (admission date December 7, 1787) Official State Song

OUR DELAWARE

WORDS BY George B. Hynson MUSIC BY Will M. S. Brown

r. Oh the hills of dear New Castle
And the smiling vales between,
When the corn is all in tassel,
And the meadow lands are green,
Where the cattle crop the clover,
And its breath is in the air,
While the sun is shining over
Our beloved Delaware.

Chorus

Oh, our Delaware! Our beloved Delaware! For the sun is shining over our beloved Delaware, Oh! our Delaware! our beloved Delaware! Here's the loyal son that pledges, Faith to good old Delaware.

2. Where the wheatfields break and billow,
In the peaceful land of Kent,
Where the toiler seeks his pillow,
With the blessings of content;
Where the bloom that tints the peaches,
Cheeks of merry maidens share,
And the woodland chorus preaches
A rejoicing Delaware.

Chorus

3. Dear old Sussex visions linger, Of the holly and the pine, Of Henlopens jeweled finger, Flashing out across the brine; Of the gardens and hedges, And the welcome waiting there, For the loyal son that pledges Faith to good old Delaware.

Chorus

FLORIDA (admission date March 3, 1845) Official State Song

SWANEE RIVER

Stephen Collins Foster

Way down upon de Swanee Ribber, Far, far away, Dere's wha' my heart is turning ebber, Dere's wha' de old folks stay. All up and down de whole creation Sadly I roam,

Still longing for de old plantation, And for de old folks at home.

All de world am sad and dreary, Eberywhere I roam;

Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home!

All round de little farm I wandered, When I was young,

Den many happy days I squandered, Many de songs I sung.

When I was playing wid my brudder Happy was I;

Oh, take me to my kind old mudder! Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes, One dat I love,

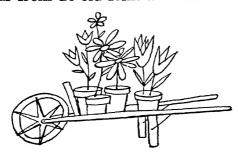
Still sadly to my memory rushes, No matter where I rove.

When will I see de bees a-humming All round de comb?

When will I hear de banjo tumming, Down in my good old home?

All de world am sad and dreary, Eberywhere I roam,

Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary, Far from de old folks at home!



GEORGIA

WORDS BY Robert Loveman MUSIC BY Lollie Belle Wylie

- From the mountains to the sea,
 Where her rivers roll,
 There I ever long to be,
 O my heart; my soul;
 By her meadows let me lie,
 In her vales remain,
 Underneath her roof-tree sky
 Watch the shadows wane.
- 2. Georgia-land of our delight,
 Haven of the blest,
 Here by happy day and night,
 Peace enthrones the breast.
 Georgia, Georgia dearest earth
 Underneath the blue,
 Clime that ever giveth birth
 To the brave and true.

IDAHO (admission date July 3, 1890) Official State Song

HERE WE HAVE IDAHO

ARRANGED BY Harry A. Powell

I. A pioneer state built a College to share
Its youth and its rigorous life,
That flourished and grew from year to year,
Beset by political strife.

Chorus: And here we have Idaho,
Winning her way to fame.
Silver and Gold in the sunlight blaze
And romance lies in her name.
Singing, we're singing to you,
Ah, proudly, too, all our lives thru,
We'll go singing, singing of you,
Alma Mater, our Idaho.

2. Then fire came destroying the child of the State, But quickly she sprang up anew, Upon the ashes that marked where the old Had left a bold spirit that grew.

Chorus

3. And now on a hill that is searched by the winds, There stands in security, Proud of her youth and a pioneer still, A staunch University.

Chorus

ILLINOIS (admission date December 3, 1818) Official State Song

ILLINOIS

WORDS BY C. H. Chamberlain

Tune of "Baby Mine"

- By the rivers gently flowing, Illinois, Illinois,
 O'er thy prairies verdant growing, Illinois, Illinois,
 Comes an echo on the breeze,
 Rustling thro' the leafy trees,
 And its mellow tones are these, Illinois, Illinois,
 And its mellow tones are these, Illinois!
- 2. From a wilderness of prairies, Illinois, Illinois, Straight thy way and never varies, Illinois, Illinois,

Till upon the inland sea Stands thy great commercial tree, Turning all the world to thee, Illinois, Illinois, Turning all the world to thee, Illinois!

- 3. When you heard your country calling, Illinois, Illinois, Where the shot and shell were falling, Illinois, Illinois, When the Southern host withdrew, Pitting Gray against the Blue,

 There were none more brave than you, Illinois, Illinois, There were none more brave than you, Illinois!
- 4. Not without thy wondrous story, Illinois, Illinois, Can be writ the nation's glory, Illinois, Illinois, On the record of thy years, Abra'am Lincoln's name appears, Grant, and Logan, and our tears, Illinois, Illinois, Grant, and Logan, and our tears, Illinois!

INDIANA (admission date December 11, 1816) Official State Song

ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH, FAR AWAY*

WORDS AND MUSIC BY Paul Dresser

r. 'Round my Indiana homestead wave the cornfields, In the distance loom the woodlands clear and cool, Often times my tho'ts revert to scenes of childhood, Where I first received my lessons—nature's school. But one thing there is missing in the picture, Without her face it seems so incomplete, I long to see my mother in the doorway, As she stood there years ago, her boy to greet.

Chorus

Oh, the moonlight's fair tonight along the Wabash, From the fields there comes the breath of new-mown hay,

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Through the sycamores the candle lights are gleaming, On the banks of the Wabash, far away.

2. Many years have passed since I strolled by the river,
Arm in arm, with sweetheart Mary by my side,
It was there I tried to tell her that I loved her,
It was there I begged of her to be my bride.
Long years have passed since I strolled thro' the churchyard,
She's sleeping there, my angel, Mary dear,
I loved her, but she thought I didn't mean it,
Still I'd give my future were she only here.

Chorus

IOWA (admission date December 28, 1846) Official State Song

THE SONG OF IOWA

WORDS BY S. H. M. Byers

Tune of "My Maryland"

- I. You ask what land I love the best,
 Iowa, 'tis Iowa,
 The fairest State of all the west,
 Iowa, O! Iowa.
 From yonder Mississippi's stream
 To where Missouri's waters gleam
 O! fair it is as poet's dream,
 Iowa, in Iowa.
- See yonder fields of tasselled corn,
 Iowa, in Iowa,
 Where Plenty fills her golden horn,
 Iowa, O! Iowa,
 See how her wondrous prairies shine
 To yonder sunset's purpling line,
 O! happy land, O! land of mine,
 Iowa, in Iowa.
- 3. And she has maids whose laughing eyes, Iowa, O! Iowa,

To him who loves were Paradise,
Iowa, O! Iowa.
O! happiest fate that e'er was known
Such eyes to shine for one alone
To call such beauty all his own,
Iowa, O! Iowa.

4. Go read the story of thy past,
 Iowa, O! Iowa,
What glorious deeds, what fame thou hast!
 Iowa, O! Iowa.
So long as time's great cycle runs,
 Or nations weep their fallen ones,
 Thou'lt not forget thy patriot sons,
 Iowa, O! Iowa.

KANSAS (admission date January 29, 1861) Official State Song

A HOME ON THE RANGE

Iohn A. Lomax

Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam, Where the deer and the antelope play, Where seldom is heard a discouraging word And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the antelope play; Where seldom is heard a discouraging word And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Where the air is so pure, the zephyrs so free, The breezes so balmy and light, That I would not exchange my home on the range For all of the cities so bright.

The red man was pressed from this part of the West, He's likely no more to return To the banks of Red River where seldom if ever Their flickering campfires burn.

How often at night when the heavens are bright With the light from the glittering stars, Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed If their glory exceeds that of ours.

Oh, I love these wild flowers in this dear land of ours, The Curlew I love to hear scream, And I love the white rocks and the antelope flocks That Graze on the mountaintops green.

Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand Flows leisurely down the stream; Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along Like a maid in a heavenly dream.

Then I would not exchange my home on the range, Where the deer and the antelope play; Where seldom is heard a discouraging word And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range, Where the deer and the antelope play; Where seldom is heard a discouraging word And the skies are not cloudy all day.

KENTUCKY (admission date June 1, 1792) Official State Song

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

WORDS AND MUSIC BY Stephen Collins Foster
The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corntop's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor, All merry, all happy and bright; By'n by hard times comes aknocking at the door, Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

Refrain:

Weep no more, my lady,
O weep no more today!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cabin door. The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow where all was delight; The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky home, good night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar-canes grow.
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

LOUISIANA (admission date April 8, 1812) Official State Song

SONG OF LOUISIANA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY Vashti R. Stopher

Louisiana! Louisiana! That dear old state of ours Where the mocker sings the sweetest and the land is filled with flowers. With hearts and voices lifted in our joyous way We sing to Louisiana forever and a day. Louisiana! Louisiana! We lift this song to thee And with bow'd heads in rev'rent awe acclaim our loyalty. With hearts and voices lifted in our joyous way We sing to Louisiana forever and a day.

MAINE (admission date March 15, 1820) Official State Song

STATE OF MAINE SONG

Roger Vinton Snow

Grand State of Maine,
Proudly we sing,
To tell your glories to the land,
To shout your praises till the echoes ring.
Should fate unkind
Send us to roam,
The scent of the fragrant pines,
The tang of the salty sea
Will call us home.

Chorus

Oh Pine Tree State
Your woods, fields and hills,
Your lakes, streams and rockbound coast
Will ever fill our hearts with thrills;
And tho' we seek far and wide,
Our search will be in vain,
To find a fairer spot on earth
Than Maine! MAINE!

MARYLAND (admission date April 28, 1788) Official State Song

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

WORDS BY James R. Randall

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust,
Remember Howard's warlike thrust,
And all thy slumb'rers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I see no blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
Tho' thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland! my Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel,
Maryland! my Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum, Maryland! my Maryland! The Old Line bugle, fife and drum, Maryland! my Maryland! Come! to thine own heroic throng, That stalks with Liberty along, And ring thy dauntless slogan song, Maryland! my Maryland!

MICHIGAN (admission date January 26, 1837) Unofficial State Song

MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN!

WORDS BY Mrs. Henry F. Lyster

Home of my heart, I sing of thee!

Michigan, my Michigan,
Thy lake-bound shores I long to see,
Michigan, my Michigan.
From Saginaw's tall whispering pines
To Lake Superior's farthest mines,
Fair in the light of memory shines
Michigan, my Michigan.

Thou gav'st thy sons without a sigh,
Michigan, my Michigan,
And sent thy bravest forth to die,
Michigan, my Michigan.
Beneath a hostile southern sky
They bore thy banner proud and high,
Ready to fight but never fly,
Michigan, my Michigan.

From Yorktown on to Richmond's wall,
Michigan, my Michigan,
They bravely fight, as bravely fall,
Michigan, my Michigan.
To Williamsburgh we point with pride—
Our Fifth and Second, side by side
There stemmed and stayed the battle's tide,
Michigan, my Michigan.

When worn with watching traitor foes,
Michigan, my Michigan,
The welcome night brought sweet repose,
Michigan, my Michigan.
The soldier, weary from the fight,
Sleeps sound, nor fears the rebels' might,
For "Michigan's on guard tonight!"
Michigan, my Michigan.

Afar on Shiloh's fatal plain,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Again behold thy heroes slain,
Michigan, my Michigan.
"Their strong arms crumble in the dust,
And their bright swords have gathered rust;
Their memory is our sacred trust,"
Michigan, my Michigan.

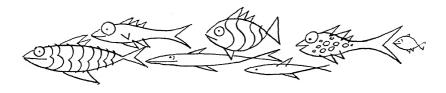
And often in the coming years,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Some widowed mother'll dry her tears,
Michigan, my Michigan,
And turning with a thrill of pride,
Say to the children at her side,
At Antietam your father died,
For Michigan, our Michigan.

With General Grant's victorious name,
Michigan, my Michigan,
Thy sons still onward march to fame,
Michigan, my Michigan.
And foremost in the fight we see,
Where e'er the bravest dare to be,
The sabres of thy cavalry,
Michigan, my Michigan.

Dark rolled the Rappahannock's flood,
Michigan, my Michigan,
The tide was crimsoned with thy blood,
Michigan, my Michigan.
Although for us the day was lost,
Still it shall be our proudest boast:
At Fredericksburg our Seventh crossed!
Michigan, my Michigan.

And when the happy time shall come,
Michigan, my Michigan,
That brings thy war-worn heroes home,
Michigan, my Michigan,
What welcome from their own proud shore,
What honors at their feet we'll pour,
What tears for those who'll come no more,
Michigan, my Michigan.

A grateful country claims them now,
Michigan, my Michigan,
And deathless laurel binds each brow,
Michigan, my Michigan;
And history the tale will tell,
Of how they fought and how they fell,
For that dear land they loved so well,
Michigan, my Michigan.



MINNESOTA (admission date May 11, 1858) Official State Song

HAIL! MINNESOTA!*

WORDS BY Truman E. Rickard and Arthur Upson MUSIC BY Truman E. Rickard

Minnesota, hail to thee!

Hail to thee, our college dear!

Thy light shall ever be

A beacon bright and clear;

Thy sons and daughters true

Will proclaim thee near and far;

They will guard thy Fame

And adore thy name;

Thou shalt be their Northern Star.

Like the stream that bends to sea,
Like the pine that seeks the blue,
Minnesota, still for thee
Thy sons are strong and true.
From thy woods and waters fair,
From thy prairies waving far,
At thy call they throng
With their shout and song,
Hailing thee their Northern Star.

*The official State Song of Minnesota. Words by Truman E. Rickard and Arthur Upson and music by Truman E. Rickard. Complete copy with music available from Melrose Music Corp., 1619 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Used by permission of the copyright owners.

WAY DOWN SOUTH IN MISSISSIPPI

WORDS BY Verne Barnes
MUSIC BY Josie Gautier

- I. Way Down South in Mississippi, Cotton blossoms white in the sun! We all love our Mississippi— Here we'll stay where livin' is fun. The evening stars shine brighter And glad is every dewy morn, For way down South in Mississippi Folks are happy they have been born.
- 2. Way Down South in Mississippi,
 Mockin' birds sing sweet in the night.
 There they've found Mississippi—
 Food so good and future so bright.
 The soft white clouds are winging
 Up from the bright Gulf's sandy shore;
 Oh it's a glad land, Mississippi,
 We declare we'll leave it no more.
- 3. Way Down South in Mississippi,
 Old plantations bask in the sun.
 Darkies sing in Mississippi
 Evenings after labor is done.
 The melons ripen sweeter
 Where bright camellias spread good cheer,
 And God is loved in Mississippi;
 Home and church her people hold dear.

MONTANA

WORDS BY Charles C. Cohan MUSIC BY Joseph E. Howard

I. Tell me of that Treasure State,
Story always new,
Tell of its beauties grand
And its hearts so true.
Mountains of sunset fire,
The land I love the best;
Let me grasp the hand of one
From out the golden West.

Chorus
Montana, Montana,
Glory of the West,
Of all the states from coast to coast,
You're easily the best.
Montana, Montana,
Where skies are always blue,
Montana, Montana,
I love you.

2. Each country has its flow'r;
Each one plays a part,
Each bloom brings a longing hope
To some lonely heart,
Bitter Root to me is dear,
Growing in my land;
Sing then that glorious air
The one I understand.

Chorus

MY NEBRASKA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY Theodore C. Diers

My Nebraska,
Dear Nebraska,
State I love the best.
Where pioneers first led the way,
Now lives a people blessed.
And though the sun shines hot in summer
Or cold winter winds may blow,
It's always fair weather,
In Nebraska,
Where real folks grow.

My Nebraska,
Fair Nebraska,
Praise I sing of thee!
No spot in all the whole wide world
Is half so dear to me,
From dewy dawn to flaming sunset,
In twilight and long night through
We'll all pull together.
Oh, Nebraska,
We're proud of you.

NEVADA (admission date October 31, 1864) Official State Song

HOME MEANS NEVADA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY Bertha Raffetto

 'Way out in the land of the setting sun, Where the wind blows wild and free, There's a lovely spot, just the only one That means home sweet home to me. If you follow the old Kit Carson trail, Until desert meets the hills, Oh you certainly will agree with me, It's the place of a thousand thrills.

Chorus
Home, means Nevada,
Home, means the hills,
Home, means the sage and the pines.
Out by the Truckee's silvery rills,
Out where the sun always shines,
There is the land that I love the best,
Fairer than all I can see.
Right in the heart of the golden west
Home, means Nevada to me.

2. Whenever the sun at the close of day, Colors all the western sky, Oh, my heart returns to the desert grey And the mountains tow'ring high. Where the moonbeams play in shadowed glen, With the spotted fawn and doe, All the live-long night until morning light, Is the loveliest place I know.

Chorus

NEW HAMPSHIRE (admission date June 21, 1788) Official State Song

OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE

WORDS BY Dr. John F. Holmes MUSIC BY Maurice Hoffmann, Jr.

I. With a skill that knows no measure, From the golden store of fate, God, in His great love and wisdom, Made the rugged Granite State; Made the lakes, the fields, the forests; Made the rivers and the rills; Made the bubbling, crystal fountains Of New Hampshire's Granite Hills.

Chorus

Old New Hampshire, Old New Hampshire, Old New Hampshire, grand and great, We will sing of Old New Hampshire, Of the dear Old Granite State.

Builded He New Hampshire glorious
 From the borders to the sea;
 And with matchless charm and splendor
 Blessed her for eternity.
 Hers, the majesty of mountain;
 Hers, the grandeur of the lake;
 Hers, the truth as from the hillside
 Whence her crystal waters break.

Chorus

NEW JERSEY (admission date December 18, 1787) Unofficial State Song

ODE TO NEW JERSEY

WORDS BY *Dr. Elias F. Carr*'Tune of "Maryland, My Maryland"

 The rolling wave is on thy shore, Jerseyland, my Jerseyland!
 Aloft thine azured mountains soar, Jerseyland, my Jerseyland!

Hill-top and vale, low-lying plain,
Thy pines, thy streams with murmuring strain,
These ne'er will let thy beauty wane,
Jerseyland, my Jerseyland!

- On fame's bright roll thy name is found,
 Jerseyland, my Jerseyland!
 Thine every road is hallowed ground, Jerseyland,
 my Jerseyland!
 At Trenton and on Princeton's field,
 On Monmouth's plain with valor steeled,
 Thy sons their lives for freedom sealed,
 Jerseyland, my Jerseyland!
- 3. Minerva holds thee near her heart, Jerseyland, my Jerseyland! Their gifts the sacred Nine impart, Jerseyland, my Jerseyland! Fair wisdom's sons thou lov'st to call From wayside shrine and college hall; Thine altar fires bid welcome all, Jerseyland, my Jerseyland!

NEW MEXICO (admission date January 6, 1912) Official State Song

O, FAIR NEW MEXICO

WORDS AND MUSIC BY Elizabeth Garrett

Under a sky of azure,
 Where balmy breezes blow;
 Kissed by the golden sunshine,
 Is Nuevo Mejico.
 Home of the Montezuma,
 With fiery heart aglow,
 State of the deeds historic,
 Is Nuevo Mejico.

Chorus
O, fair New Mexico,
We love, we love you so,
Our hearts with pride o'erflow
No matter where we go,

O, fair New Mexico, We love, we love you so, The grandest state to know, New Mexico.

2. Rugged and high sierras,
With deep canons below;
Dotted with fertile valleys,
Is Nuevo Mejico.
Fields full of sweet alfalfa,
Richest perfumes bestow,
State of the apple blossoms,
Is Nuevo Mejico.

Chorus

 Days that are full of heart dreams, Nights when the moon hangs low; Beaming its benediction, O'er Nuevo Mejico. Land with its bright manana, Coming through weal and woe, State of our esperanza, Is Nuevo Mejico.

Chorus

NORTH CAROLINA (admission date November 21, 1789)
Official State Song

THE OLD NORTH STATE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY William Gaston

r. Carolina! Carolina! heaven's blessings attend her, While we live we will cherish, protect and defend her, Tho' the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her, Still our hearts swell with gladness when ever we name her. Chorus
Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever,
Hurrah! Hurrah! the good Old North State.

2. Tho' she envies not others, their merited glory,
Say whose name stands the foremost, in liberty's story,
Tho' too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,
Who can yield to just rule a more loyal submission.

Chorus

3. Then let all those who love us, love the land that we live in, As happy a region as on this side of heaven, Where plenty and peace, love and joy smile before us, Raise aloud, raise together the heart thrilling chorus.

Chorus

NORTH DAKOTA (admission date November 2, 1889)
Official State Song

NORTH DAKOTA HYMN

WORDS BY James W. Foley MUSIC BY Dr. C. S. Putnam

- 1. North Dakota, North Dakota, With thy prairies wide and free, All thy sons and daughters love thee, Fairest state from sea to sea; North Dakota, North Dakota, Here we pledge ourselves to thee. North Dakota, North Dakota, Here we pledge ourselves to thee.
- 2. Hear thy loyal children singing, Songs of happiness and praise, Far and long the echoes ringing, Through the vastness of thy ways.

North Dakota, North Dakota, We will serve thee all our days. North Dakota, North Dakota, We will serve thee all our days.

- 3. Onward, onward, onward going,
 Light of courage in thine eyes,
 Sweet the winds above thee blowing,
 Green thy fields and fair thy skies.
 North Dakota, North Dakota,
 Brave the soul that in thee lies.
 North Dakota, North Dakota,
 Brave the soul that in thee lies.
- 4. God of freedom, all victorious,
 Give us souls serene and strong,
 Strength to make the future glorious,
 Keep the echo of our song.
 North Dakota, North Dakota,
 In our hearts forever long.
 North Dakota, North Dakota,
 In our hearts forever long.

OKLAHOMA (admission date November 16, 1907) Official State Song

OKLAHOMA

Harriet Parker Camden

I. I give you a land of sun and flow'rs, and summer the whole year long;

I give you a land where the golden hours roll by to a mocking bird's song.

Where the cotton blooms 'neath the southern sun,

Where the vintage hangs thick on the vine.

A land whose story has just begun, this wonderful land of mine.

Chorus

Oklahoma, Oklahoma, fairest daughter of the west; Oklahoma, Oklahoma, 'tis the land I love the best; We have often sung her praises, but we have not told the half So, I give you Oklahoma 'tis a toast we all can quaff.

2. A land where the fields of golden grain like waves on a sunlit sea Bend low to the breezes that sweep the plain, with a welcome to you and to me.

Where the corn grows high 'neath the smiling sky, Where the quail whistles low in the grass, And fruit trees with a burden sweet, and perfume the winds that pass.

Chorus

OREGON (admission date February 14, 1859) Official State Song

OREGON STATE SONG

WORDS BY J. A. Buchanan MUSIC BY Henry B. Murtagh

- Land of the Empire Builders,
 Land of the Golden West;
 Conquered and held by free men,
 Fairest and the best.
 Onward and upward ever,
 Forward and on, and on;
 Hail to thee, Land of Heroes,
 My Oregon.
- 2. Land of the rose and sunshine, Land of the summer's breeze; Laden with health and vigor, Fresh from the Western seas. Blest by the blood of martyrs, Land of the setting sun; Hail to thee, Land of Promise, My Oregon.

PENNSYLVANIA (admission date December 12, 1787) Unofficial State Song

PENNSYLVANIA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY Helen Hall Bucher

- All hail to Pennsylvania,
 The glorious Keystone State,
 Our aims and all we cherish
 To thee we dedicate.
 Here blooms the mountain laurel
 In Nature's sunlit bower,
 We hail thee Queen of Beauty
 As Pennsylvania's flower.
- 2. I love thy purple mountains,
 And thy deeply wooded hills,
 I love the noble rivers
 And thy lovely sparkling rills.
 While the wealth of buried treasure
 In the mines of Mother Earth,
 Is a lasting source of riches,
 Proving Pennsylvania's worth.
- 3. Thy fields and fertile valleys
 And every fruited vine
 Yield food for starving nations
 O! Pennsylvania mine.
 Where the happy songs of toilers
 As they till the verdant sod
 Reveal their faith in harvests
 That come from Nature's God.
- 4. We'll sing of all thy grandeur Of woods and blooming flowers, Where waterfalls make music Throughout the sunny hours.

Here William Penn found beauty In every bush and tree He called it Pennsylvania For all posterity.

RHODE ISLAND (admission date May 29, 1790) Official State Song

RHODE ISLAND

WORDS AND MUSIC BY T. Clarke Brown

Here's to you, belov'd Rhode Island,
With your hills and ocean shore:
We are proud to hail you "Rhody,"
And your Patriots of yore.
First to claim your Independence,
Rich your heritage and fame:
The smallest State, smallest State, and yet so great, so great,
We will glorify your name.

Here's a toast to you, Rhode Island,
And your gallant sons so brave:
Who have fought to win your freedom,
In the air, on land and wave.
May you always be victorious,
Led by "Hope," your motto grand:
Where e'er we roam, e'er we roam, we'll come back home, back home,
To our dear own Rhode Island.



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SOUTH CAROLINA (admission date May 23, 1788) Official State Song

CAROLINA

WORDS BY Henry Timrod
MUSIC BY Anne Custis Burgess

- Call on thy children of the hill,
 Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
 Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
 Carolina! Carolina!
- 2. Hold up the glories of thy dead;
 Say how thy elder children bled,
 And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
 Carolina! Carolina!
- 3. Thy skirts indeed the foe may part,
 Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
 They shall not touch thy noble heart,
 Carolina! Carolina!
- 4. Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
 Front with thy ranks the threatening seas
 Like thine own proud armorial trees,
 Carolina! Carolina!
- 5. Girt with such wills to do and bear, Assured in right, and mailed in prayer, Thou wilt not bow thee to despair, Carolina! Carolina!

SOUTH DAKOTA (admission date November 2, 1889) Official State Song

HAIL! SOUTH DAKOTA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY Deecort Hammitt

- Hail! South Dakota
 A great state of the land,
 Health, wealth, and beauty,
 That's what makes her grand;
 She has her Black Hills,
 And mines with gold so rare
 And with her scenery,
 No state can compare.
- 2. Come where the sun shines, And where life's worth your while, You won't be here long, Till you'll wear a smile; No state so healthy, And no folk quite so true; To South Dakota We all welcome you.
- 3. Hail! South Dakota,
 The state we love the best,
 Land of our fathers,
 Builders of the west;
 Home of the Badlands,
 And Rushmore's ageless shrine;
 Hills, farms, and prairies,
 Blessed with bright sunshine.

TENNESSEE (admission date June 1, 1796) Official State Song

WHEN IT'S IRIS TIME IN TENNESSEE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY Willa Mae Waid

Sweetness of Spring memories bring
 Of a place I long to be.
 Land of Sunshine calls this old heart of mine,
 Come back to Tennessee—When it's

Chorus

Iris time down in Tennessee,
I'll be coming back to stay
Where the mocking bird sings at the break of day
A lilting love song gay.
Where the Iris grows,
Where the Harpeth flows,
That's where I long to be.
There's a picture there that lives in memory
When it's Iris time in Tennessee.

Rocks and the rills, deep tinted hills,
 There's no spot so dear to me.
 Where'er I roam still it's my Home Sweet Home,
 My own, my Tennessee—When it's

Chorus

TEXAS (admission date December 29, 1845) Official State Song

TEXAS, OUR TEXAS

WORDS BY Gladys Yoakum Wright
MUSIC BY William J. Marsh

Texas, our Texas
 All hail the mighty State!
 Texas, our Texas,
 So wonderful—so great!
 Largest and grandest,
 Withstanding every test;
 O Empire, wide and glorious,
 You stand supremely blest.

Chorus
God bless you, Texas!
And keep you brave and strong,
That you may grow in power and worth,
Throughout the ages long.

2. Texas, O Texas!
Your free-born Single Star
Sends out its radiance
To nations near and far.
Emblem of Freedom!
It sets our hearts aglow,
With thoughts of San Jacinto
And glorious Alamo.

Chorus

3. Texas, dear Texas! From tyrant grip now free, Shines forth in splendor Your Star of Destiny! Mother of Heroes! We come, your children true, Proclaiming our allegiance— Our Faith—Our Love for you.

Chorus

UTAH (admission date January 4, 1896) Official State Song

UTAH, WE LOVE THEE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY Evan Stephens

- I. Land of the mountains high,
 Utah, we love thee!
 Land of the sunny sky,
 Utah, we love thee!
 Far in the glorious west,
 Throned on the mountain's crest,
 In robes of statehood dressed,
 Utah, we love thee!
- 2. Columbia's newest star,
 Utah, we love thee!
 Thy lustre shines afar,
 Utah, we love thee!
 Bright in our banner's blue,
 Among her sisters true,
 She proudly comes to view,
 Utah, we love thee!
- 3. Land of the Pioneers,
 Utah, we love thee!
 Grow with the coming years,
 Utah, we love thee!
 With wealth and peace in store,
 To fame and glory soar,
 God guarded evermore,
 Utah, we love thee!

VERMONT (admission date March 4, 1791) Official State Song

HAIL, VERMONT!

Words and Music by Josephine Hovey Perry

I. Hail to Vermont! Lovely Vermont!
Hail to Vermont so fearless!
Sing we a song! Sing loud and long!
To our little state so peerless!
Green are her hills, Clear are her rills,
Fair are her lakes and rivers and valleys;
Blue are her skies,—Peaceful she lies,
But when roused to a call she speedily rallies!

Chorus
Hail to Vermont! Dear old Vermont!
Our love for you is great.
We cherish your name, We laud! We acclaim!
Our own Green Mountain State.

2. Proud of Vermont, Lovely Vermont, Proud of her charm and her beauty; Proud of her name, Proud of her fame, We're proud of her sense of duty; Proud of her past, Proud first and last, Proud of her lands and proud of her waters; Her men are true blue, Her women are—too, We're proud of her sons and proud of her daughters!

Chorus

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY James Bland

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow;
There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time,
There's where the old darkey's heart am long'd to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn;
No place on earth do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny, the state where I was born.

Chorus

Carry me back to old Virginny, There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow; There's where the birds warble sweet in the spring-time, There's where this old darkey's heart am long'd to go.

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There let me live—'til I wither and decay;
Long by the old Dismal Swamp have I wandered,
There's where this old darkey's life will pass away.
Massa and missis have long gone before me,
Soon we will meet on that bright and golden shore;
There we'll be happy and free from all sorrow,
There's where we'll meet and we'll never part no more.

WASHINGTON (admission date November 11, 1889) Official State Song

WASHINGTON'S SONG

WORDS BY Dr. Edmond S. Meany MUSIC BY Reginald de Koven

- Thy name, O Washington renowned,
 We hail, we hail from far and near
 Thy glories joyfully resound,
 In song of praise and mighty cheer.
- 2. Thy fame, O Washington serene, Leads on, leads on up toward the sky, While we through every changing scene Thy purple pennants lift on high.
- 3. Thy deeds, O Washington benign,
 Will last, will last as hills of stone,
 While we like ore the fires refine
 Will ring forth praise to thee alone.
- 4. Thy sons, O Washington beloved,
 Lift up, lift up their heads in pride,
 By whatsoever sea removed,
 To thee, their lives in love are tied.

WEST VIRGINIA (admission date June 20, 1863) Unofficial State Song

THE WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

Ellen King and H. E. Engle

Oh, the West Virginia hills!
 How majestic and how grand,
 With their summits bathed in glory,
 Like our Prince Immanuel's land!

Is it any wonder then, That my heart with rapture thrills, As I stand once more with loved ones On those West Virginia hills?

Chorus

O the hills,—beautiful hills,
Beautiful hills,—beautiful hills,
How I love those West Virginia hills:
Beautiful hills;
If o'er sea or land I roam
Still I'll think of happy home,
And the friends among the West Virginia hills.

2. Oh, the West Virginia hills!
Where my girlhood hours were passed;
Where I often wander'd lonely,
And the future tried to cast;
Many are our visions bright
Which the future ne'er fulfills;
But how sunny were my daydreams
On those West Virginia hills!

Chorus

3. Oh, the West Virginia hills!
How unchang'd they seem to stand,
With their summits pointed skyward
To the Great Almighty's Land!
Many changes I can see,
Which my heart with sadness fills,
But no changes can be noticed
In those West Virginia hills!

Chorus

4. Oh, the West Virginia hills!
I must bid you now adieu;
In my home beyond the mountains
I shall ever dream of you;

In the evening time of life, If my Father only wills, I shall still behold the vision Of those West Virginia hills!

Chorus

WYOMING (admission date July 10, 1890) Unofficial State Song

WYOMING

WORDS BY Charles E. Winter MUSIC BY George E. Knapp

In the far and mighty West, Where the crimson sun seeks rest; There's a growing splendid State that lies above On the breast of this great land; Where the massive Rockies stand, There's Wyoming young and strong, the State I love!

Chorus
Wyoming! Wyoming!
Land of the sunlight clear,
Wyoming! Wyoming!
Land that we hold so dear.
Wyoming! Wyoming!
Precious art thou and thine;
Wyoming! Wyoming!
Beloved state of mine!

2. In thy flowers wild and sweet, Colors rare and perfumes meet; There's the columbine so pure, the daisy too, Wild the rose and red it springs, White the button and its rings, Thou art loyal for they're red and white and blue.

Chorus

3. Where thy peaks with crowned head,
Rising till the sky they wed,
Sit like snow-queens ruling wood and stream and plain;
'Neath thy granite bases deep,
'Neath thy bosom's broadened sweep,
Lie the riches that have gained and brought the fame.

Chorus

4. Other treasures thou dost hold,
Men and women thou dost mould;
True and earnest are the lives that thou dost raise,
Strength thy children thou dost teach,
Nature's truth thou giv'st to each,
Free and noble are thy workings and thy ways.

Chorus

5. In the nations banner free
There's one star that has for me
A radiance pure and a splendor like the sun;
Mine it is, Wyoming's star,
Home it leads me near or far;
O Wyoming all my heart and love you've won!

Chorus

ALASKA Unofficial Song

ALASKA

Unknown

Tune of "Maryland, My Maryland"

O land of gold, I sing to thee, Alaska, My Alaska, Thy snow-capped peaks I love to see, Alaska, My Alaska, From Arctic Ocean's frozen shore, To Baranof of Russian lore Thy mighty rivers, I adore, Alaska, My Alaska.

In '67 by Seward's might, Alaska, My Alaska, Thine inmost wealth was brought to light, Alaska, My Alaska, Tho' slow thy growth, through many a year Thy motto has been "Persevere", Thy fame is sung both far and near, Alaska, My Alaska.

O may thy future shine most clear, Alaska, My Alaska, And in the hearts of men grow dear, Alaska, My Alaska, Henceforth, O fairest land I know The wealth from out thy hill shall flow And cast o'er all a radiant glow Alaska, My Alaska.

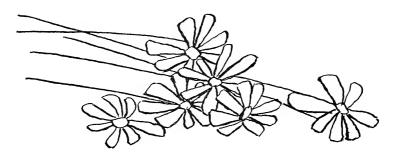
HAWAII Official Song

OUR NATIVE LAND

WORDS BY King Kalakaua
TRANSLATED BY Henry L. Sheldon

- I. Hawaii! sea-girt land! Strong for thy monarch stand, Sons of the ancient band, Stand for your King!
- Hawaii's true-born sons
 Cherish the high-born ones,
 From old their lineage runs,
 Guard the young chiefs.

- 3. Hawaii! young and brave, Thine 'tis thyself to save! Hopeful thy banners wave, Upward and on!
- 4. O thou who reign'st above,
 Father of might and love,
 Grant that Thy peaceful dove
 Brood o'er our land.



Special Weeks Celebrated in Our Schools

Be Kind to Animals Week

NATURE'S FRIEND

William Henry Davies

Say what you like
All things love me!
I pick no flowers—
That wins the Bee.

The Summer's Moths
Think my hand one—
To touch their wings—
With Wind and Sun.

The garden Mouse Comes near to play; Indeed, he turns His eyes away.

The Wren knows well I rob no nest: When I look in, She still will rest.

The hedge stops Cows, Or they would come After my voice Right to my home.

The Horse can tell, Straight from my lip, My hand could not Hold any whip. Say what you like, All things love me! Horse, Cow, and Mouse, Bird, Moth and Bee.

HURT NO LIVING THING

Christina G. Rossetti

Hurt no living thing:
Ladybird nor butterfly,
Nor moth with dusty wing,
Nor cricket chirping cheerily,
Nor grasshopper so light of leap,
Nor dancing gnat, nor beetle fat,
Nor harmless worms that creep.

THE SNARE

James Stephens

I hear the sullen cry of pain!
There is a rabbit in a snare:
Now I hear the cry again,
But I cannot tell from where.

But I cannot tell from where He is calling out for aid; Crying on the frightened air, Making everything afraid.

Making everything afraid, Wrinkling up his little face, As he cries again for aid; And I cannot find the place! And I cannot find the place Where his paw is in the snare: Little one! Oh, little one! I am searching everywhere.

LOST DOG

Frances Rodman

He lifts his hopeful eyes at each new tread,
Dark wells of brown with half his heart in each;
He will not bark, because he is well-bred.
Only one voice can heal the sorry breach.
He scans the faces that he does not know,
One paw uplifted, ear cocked for a sound
Outside his sight. Only he must not go
Away from here; by honor he is bound.
Now he has heard a whistle down the street;
He trembles in a sort of ecstasy,
Dances upon his eager, padding feet,
Straining himself to hear, to feel, to see,
And rushes at a call to meet the one
Who of his tiny universe is sun.

THE RUNAWAY

Robert Frost

Once when the snow of the year was beginning to fall, We stopped by a mountain pasture to say "Whose colt?" A little Morgan had one forefoot on the wall, The other curled at his breast. He dipped his head And snorted at us. And then he had to bolt. We heard the miniature thunder where he fled, And we saw him, or thought we saw him, dim and grey, Like a shadow against the curtain of falling flakes.

"I think the little fellow's afraid of snow. He isn't winter-broken. It isn't play With the little fellow at all. He's running away. I doubt if even his mother could tell him, 'Sakes, It's only weather.' He'd think she didn't know! Where is his mother? He can't be out alone." And now he comes again with a clatter of stone And mounts the wall again with whited eyes And all his tail that isn't hair up straight. He shudders his coat as if to throw off flies. "Whoever it is that leaves him out so late, When other creatures have gone to stall and bin, Ought to be told to come and take him in."

THE SHEPHERD DOG OF THE PYRENEES

Ellen Murray

TRAVELER. Begone, you, sir. Here, shepherd, call your dog.

SHEPHERD. Be not affrighted, madame. Poor Pierrot Will do no harm. I know his voice is gruff,

But then, his heart is good.

TRAVELER. Well, call him, then.

I do not like his looks. He's growling now.

SHEPHERD. Madame had better drop that stick. Pierrot, He is as good a Christian as myself.

And does not like a stick.

TRAVELER. Such a fierce look!

And such great teeth!

SHEPHERD. Ah, bless poor Pierrot's teeth!

Good cause have I and mine to bless those teeth. Come here, my Pierrot. Would you like to hear, Madame, what Pierrot's teeth have done for me?

TRAVELER. Torn a gaunt wolf, I'll warrant.

SHEPHERD. Do you see
On that high ledge a cross of wood that stands

On that high ledge a cross of wood that stands Against the sky?

TRAVELER.

Just where the cliff goes down

A hundred fathoms sheer, a wall of rock To where the river foams along its bed? I've often wondered who was brave to plant A cross on such an edge.

SHEPHERD.

Myself, madame.

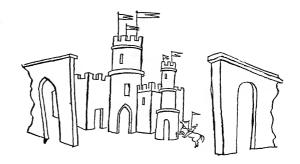
That the good God might know I give Him thanks. One night, it was November, black and thick, The fog came down, when as I reached my house, Marie came running out; our little one, Our four-year Louis, so she cried, was lost. I called Pierrot: "Go, seek him, find my boy," And off he went. Marie was crying loud To call the neighbors. They and I, we searched All that dark night. I called Pierrot in vain; Whistled and called, and listened for his voice; He always came or barked at my first word, But now, he answered not. When day at last Broke, and the gray fog lifted, there I saw On that high ledge, against the dawning light, My little one asleep, sitting so near That edge that as I looked his red beret Fell from his nodding head down the abyss. And there, behind him, crouched Pierrot; his teeth, His good, strong teeth, clenching the jacket brown, Holding the child in safety. With wild bounds Swift as the gray wolf's own, I climbed the steep, And as I reached them Pierrot beat his tail, And looked at me, so utterly distressed, With eyes that said: "Forgive, I could not speak," But never loosed his hold till my dear rogue Was safe within my arms.

Ah, ha, Pierrot, Madame forgives your barking and your teeth; I knew she would.

TRAVELER.

Come here, Pierrot, good dog, Come here, poor fellow, faithful friend and true, Come, come, be friends with me.

Book Week



GOLDEN SPURS

Virginia Scott Miner

Books are bridges, Shining, free, Which link us to Ourselves-to-be.

No one has to Go their way— He who chooses Still may stay

In his yard or At his gate While the shining Bridges wait.

Who would hunt
With Robin Hood
Deep within
An English wood?

Who would scour La Mancha's plain With the doughty Don of Spain?

Who would ride A sturdy roan To the rescue Of Saint Joan?

Books are bridges, Cross, and see The mighty lands Of chivalry—

Cross, and conquer Every foe All your lifetime Needs to know.

Cross—for heroes Left behind Golden spurs For you to find!

"GOOD FROM A BOOK"

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

We get no good
By being ungenerous, even to a book,
And calculating profits,—so much help
By so much reading. It is rather when
We gloriously forget ourselves and plunge
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth—
'Tis then we get the right good from a book.

-from Aurora Leigh

ENVOY

Robert Louis Stevenson

Go, little book, and wish to all Flowers in the garden, meat in the hall, A bin of wine, a spice of wit, A house with lawns enclosing it, A living river by the door, A nightingale in the sycamore.

A BOOK

Hannah More

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old,
I'm often in tatters, and oft deck'd in gold:
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound—
I am always in black, and I'm always in white;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light.
In form too I differ—I'm thick and I'm thin,
I've no flesh, and no bones, yet I'm cover'd with skin;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute—
I sing without voice, without speaking confute;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly; some slight me too much;
I often die soon, though sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

OLD SUSAN

Walter de la Mare

When Susan's work was done she'd sit, With one fat guttering candle lit, And window opened wide to win The sweet night air to enter in; There, with a thumb to keep her place, She'd read, with stern and wrinkled face, Her mild eyes gliding very slow Across the letters to and fro, While wagged the guttering candle flame In the wind that through the window came.

And sometimes in the silence she
Would mumble a sentence audibly,
Or shake her head as if to say,
"You silly souls, to act this way!"
And never a sound from night I'd hear,
Unless some far-off cock crowed clear;
Or her old shuffling thumb should turn
Another page; and rapt and stern,
Through her great glasses bent on me
She'd glance into reality;
And shake her round old silvery head,
With—"You!—I thought you was in bed!—"
Only to tilt her book again,
And rooted in Romance remain.



TO ROBERT BROWNING

Walter Savage Landor

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear Beside the singer; and there is delight In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone And see the praised far off him, far above. Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's, Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee, Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale, No man hath walked along our roads with step So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue So varied in discourse. But warmer climes Give brighter plumage, stronger wind: the breeze Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

IN MEMORY OF LEWIS CARROLL

Unknown

Lover of children! Fellow heir with those Of whom the imperishable kingdom is. Beyond all doubting now your spirit knows The unimagined mysteries.

Darkly as in a glass our faces look
To read ourselves, if so we may, aright;
You, like the maiden in your fairy book,
You step behind and see the light.

Farewell! But in our hearts we have you yet, Holding our heritage with loving hand, Who may not follow where your feet are set Upon the ways of Wonderland.

DICKENS IN CAMP

Bret Harte

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting, The river sang below; The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting Their minarets of snow. The roaring camp fire, with rude humor, painted The ruddy tints of health

On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure A hoarded volume drew,

And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster, And as the firelight fell,

He read aloud the book wherein the Master Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy,—for the reader Was youngest of them all,— But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar A silence seemed to fall;

The fir trees, gathering closer in the shadows,

Listened in every spray,

While the whole camp with "Nell" in English m

While the whole camp with "Nell" in English meadows Wandered, and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine—
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire; And he who wrought that spell?— Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,

Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp, but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop vine's incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly And laurel wreaths entwine,

Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,—

This spray of western pine!

EMERSON

Mary Mapes Dodge

We took it to the woods, we two,
The book well worn and brown,
To read his words where stirring leaves
Rained their soft shadows down.

Yet as we sat and breathed the scene, We opened not a page; Enough that he was with us there, Our silent, friendly sage!

His "Rhodora" bloomed again; His "Humble-bee" buzzed near; And oh, the "Wood-notes" beautiful He taught our souls to hear.

So our unopened book we read; And so, in restful mood, We and our poet, arm in arm, Went sauntering through the wood.

LONGFELLOW

James Whitcomb Riley

The winds have talked with him confidingly; The trees have whispered to him; and the night Hath held him gently as a mother might, And taught him all sad tones of melody; The mountains have bowed to him; and the sea, In clamorous waves, and murmurs exquisite, Hath told him all her sorrow and delight,—Her legends fair,—her darkest mystery. His verse blooms like a flower, night and day; Bees cluster round his rhymes; and twitterings Of lark and swallow, in an endless May, Are mingling with the tender songs he sings. Nor shall he cease to sing—in every lay Of Nature's voice he sings—and will alway.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Clifford Lanier

Dreaming along the haunted shore of time, And mad that sea's Aeolian song to sing, He found the shell of Beauty, rhythmic rhyme, And fondly deemed its sheen a living thing.

SHAKESPEARE

Matthew Arnold

Others abide our question. Thou art free. We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still, Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill, Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his stedfast footsteps in the sea, Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place, Spares but the cloudy border of his base To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure, Didst tread on earth unguess'd at.—Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure, All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow, Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

TO WORDSWORTH

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know
That things depart which never may return;
Childhood and youth, friendship and love's first glow,
Have fled like sweet dreams, leaving thee to mourn.
These common woes I feel. One loss is mine,
Which thou too feel'st, yet I alone deplore;
Thou wert as a lone star whose light did shine
On some frail bark in winter's midnight roar;
Thou hast like to a rock-built refuge stood
Above the blind and battling multitude;
In honored poverty thy voice did weave
Songs consecrate to truth and liberty;—
Deserting these, thou leavest me to grieve,
Thus having been, that thou shouldst cease to be.

Boy Scout Week

A BOY'S PRAYER

Henry Charles Beeching

God who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim;
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.



RULES FOR THE ROAD

Edwin Markham

Stand straight:
Step firmly, throw your weight:
The heaven is high above your head,
The good gray road is faithful to your tread.

Be strong: Sing to your heart a battle song: Though hidden foemen lie in wait, Something is in you that can smile at Fate.

Press through: Nothing can harm you if you are true. And when night comes, rest: The earth is friendly as a mother's breast.

FORBEARANCE

Ralph Waldo Emerson

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun? Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk? At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse? Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust? And loved so well a high behavior, In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained, Nobility more nobly to repay? O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

THE VAGABOND

Robert Louis Stevenson

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me.
There's the life forever.

Or let autumn fall on me Where afield I linger, Silencing the bird on tree, Biting the blue finger. White as meal the frosty field— Warm the fireside haven— Not to autumn will I yield, Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me,
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Fire Prevention Week

ADOLPHUS ELFINSTONE

Gelett Burgess

Adolphus Elfinstone of Natchez, Thought it was funny to play with matches Until the little Goop had learned It hurt a lot when he got burned! A *little* fire is queer and curious; But soon it grows quite big and furious.

CHICAGO

John Greenleaf Whittier

Men said at vespers: "All is well!" In one wild night the city fell; Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain Before the fiery hurricane.

On threescore spires had sunset shone, Where ghastly sunrise looked on none. Men clasped each other's hands, and said: "The City of the West is dead!"

Brave hearts who fought, in slow retreat, The fiends of fire from street to street, Turned, powerless, to the blinding glare, The dumb defiance of despair.

A sudden impulse thrilled each wire That signaled round that sea of fire; Swift words of cheer, warm heart-throbs came; In tears of pity died the flame! From East, from West, from South and North, The messages of hope shot forth, And underneath the severing wave, The world, full-handed, reached to save.

Fair seemed the old; but fairer still The new, the dreary void shall fill With dearer homes than those o'erthrown, For love shall lay each corner-stone.

Rise, stricken city! from thee throw The ashen sackcloth of thy woe; And build, as to Amphion's strain, To songs of cheer thy walls again!

How shriveled in thy hot distress The primal sins of selfishness! How instant rose, to take thy part, The angel in the human heart!

Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed Above thy dreadful holocaust; The Christ again has preached through thee The Gospel of Humanity!

Then lift once more thy towers on high, And fret with spires thy western sky, To tell that God is yet with us, And love is still miraculous!

FLASH: THE FIREMAN'S STORY

Will Carleton

Flash was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on Number Three: Not much stable manners—an average horse to see; Notional in his methods—strong in loves an' hates; Not very much respected, or popular 'mongst his mates. Dull an' moody an' sieepy, an' "off" on quiet days;. Full o' turbulent, sour looks, an' small, sarcastic ways; Scowled an' bit at his partner, and banged the stable floor—With other means intended to designate life a bore.

But when, be 't day or night time, he heard the alarm-bell ring, He'd rush for his place in the harness with a regular tiger spring; An' watch, with nervous shivers, the clasp of buckle an' band, Until 'twas plainly evident he'd like to lend a hand.

An' when the word was given, away he would rush and tear, As if a thousand witches was rumplin' up his hair, An' craze the other horses with his magnetic charm, Till every hoof-beat sounded a regular fire alarm!

Never a horse a jockey would notice and admire Like Flash in front of his engine a-runnin' to a fire; Never a horse so lazy, so dawdlin' an' so slack, As Flash upon his return trip a-drawin' the engine back.

Now, when the different horses gets tender-footed an' old, They're no use in our business; so Flash was finally sold To quite a respectable milkman, who found it not so fine A-bossin' one o' God's creatures outside its natural line.

Seems as if I could see Flash a-mopin' along here now, Feelin' that he was simply assistant to a cow; But sometimes he'd imagine he heard the alarm-bell's din An' jump an' rear for a season before they could hold him in.

An' once, in spite o' his master, he strolled in 'mongst us chaps, To talk with the other horses, of former fires, perhaps; Whereat the milkman kicked him; whereat, us boys to please, He begged that horse's pardon upon his bended knees.

But one day, for a big fire as we was makin' a dash, Both o' the horses we had on somewhat resemblin' Flash. Yellin' an' ringin' an' rushin', with excellent voice an' heart, We passed the poor old fellow a-tuggin' away at his cart.

If ever I see an old hoss grow upward into a new—
If ever I see a milkman whose traps behind him flew,
'Twas that old hoss, a-rearin' an' racin' down the track,
An' that respectable milkman a-tryin' to hold him back.

Away he rushed like a cyclone for the head o' Number Three, Gained the lead an' kept it, an' steered his journey free; Dodgin' wagons an' horses, an' still on the keenest "silk," An' furnishin' all that neighborhood with good, respectable milk.

Crowd a-yellin' an' runnin', an' vainly hollerin' "Whoa!" Milkman bracin' an' sawin', with never a bit o' show; Firemen laughin' an' chucklin', an' shoutin' "Good! go in!" Hoss a-gettin' down to it, an' sweepin' along like sin.

Finally came where the fire was—halted with a thud; Sent the respectable milkman heels over head in mud; Watched till he see the engines properly workin' there, After which he relinquished all interest in the affair.

Moped an' wilted an' dawdled, faded away once more, Took up his old occupation—considerin' life a bore; Laid down in his harness, an'—sorry I am to say— The milkman he had drawn there took his dead body away.

That's the whole o' my story; I've seen, more'n once or twice, That poor dead animal's actions is full o' human advice; An' if you ask what Flash thought, I'll simply answer, then, That poor old horse was a symbol of some intelligent men.

An' if, as some consider, there's animals in the sky, I think the poor old fellow is gettin' another try; But if he should sniff the big fire that plagues the abode o' sin, It'll take the strongest angel to hold the old fellow in.

Girl Scout Week

FOLLOW THE GLEAM

Alfred Tennyson

Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
O young Mariner,
Down to the haven,
Call your companions,
Launch your vessel,
And crowd your canvas,
And, ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow the Gleam.



A PRAYER

Edwin Markham

Teach me, Father, how to go Softly as the grasses grow; Hush my soul to meet the shock Of the wild world as a rock; But my spirit, propt with power, Make as simple as a flower. Let the dry heart fill its cup, Like a poppy looking up; Let life lightly wear her crown, Like a poppy looking down, When its heart is filled with dew, And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be Kind and patient as a tree. Joyfully the crickets croon Under shady oak at noon; Beetle, on his mission bent, Tarries in that cooling tent. Let me, also, cheer a spot, Hidden field or garden grot—Place where passing souls can rest On the way and be their best.

THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS

E. Pauline Johnson

West wind, blow from your prairie nest,
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O wind of the west, we wait for you!
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

I stow the sail and unship the mast: I wooed you long, but my wooing's past; My paddle will lull you into rest: O drowsy wind of the drowsy west, Sleep, sleep!
By your mountains steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep,
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe! The reckless waves you must plunge into. Reel, reel, On your trembling keel, But never a fear my craft will feel.

We've raced the rapids; we're far ahead: The river slips through its silent bed. Sway, sway, As the bubbles spray And fall in tinkling tunes away.

And up on the hills against the sky, A fir tree rocking its lullaby Swings, swings, Its emerald wings, Swelling the song that my paddle sings.

MEG MERRILIES

John Keats

Old Meg she was a gypsy,
And lived upon the moors;
Her bed it was the brown heath turf,
And her house was out of doors.

Her apples were swart blackberries, Her currants, pods o'broom; Her wine was dew o' the wild white rose, Her book a churchyard tomb. Her Brothers were the craggy hills, Her Sisters larchen trees; Alone with her great family, She lived as she did please.

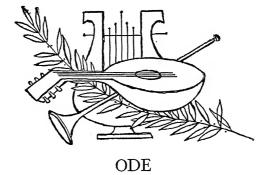
No breakfast had she many a morn, No dinner many a noon, And 'stead of supper, she would stare Full hard against the Moon.

But every morn, of woodbine fresh, She made her garlanding, And every night the dark glen Yew, She wove, and she would sing.

And with her fingers, old and brown, She plaited Mats of Rushes, And gave them to the Cottagers She met among the Bushes.

Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,
And tall as Amazon;
An old red blanket cloak she wore,
A chip hat had she on.
God rest her aged bones somewhere:
She died full long agone.

Music Week



Arthur O'Shaughnessy

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities.
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory:
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth;

And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming
Unearthly, impossible seeming—
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing:
O men! it must ever be
That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
A little apart from ye.

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling unknown shore;
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore;
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before:
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,
And a singer who sings no more.

MUSIC

Walter de la Mare

When music sounds, gone is the earth I know, And all her lovely things even lovelier grow; Her flowers in vision flame, her forest trees, Lift burdened branches, stilled with ecstasies.

When music sounds, out of the water rise Naiads whose beauty dims my waking eyes, Rapt in strange dreams burns each enchanted face, With solemn echoing stirs their dwelling-place.

When music sounds, all that I was I am Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came; While from Time's woods break into distant song The swift-winged hours, as I hasten along.

AT THE SYMPHONY

Robert Nathan

The 'cellos, setting forth apart, Grumbled and sang, and so the day, From the low beaches of my heart, Turned in tranquility away.

And over weariness and doubt Rose up the horns like bellied sails, Like canvas of the soul flung out To rising and orchestral gales;

Passed on and left irresolute The ebony, the silver throat . . . Low over clarinet and flute Hung heaven upon a single note.

THE VIOLIN

Richard Watson Gilder

Before the listening world behold him stand;
The warm air trembles with his passionate play;
Their cheers shower round him like the ocean spray
Round one who waits upon the stormy strand.

Their smiles, sighs, tears all are at his command;
And now they hear the trump of judgment-day,
And now one silver note to heaven doth stray
And fluttering fall upon the golden sand.
But like the murmur of the distant sea
Their loud applause, and far off, faint, and weak
Sounds his own music to him, wild and free—
Far from the soul of music that doth speak
In wordless wail and lyric ecstasy
From that good viol prest against his cheek.

OVER HIS KEYS

James Russell Lowell

Over his keys the musing organist,
Beginning doubtfully and far away,
First lets his fingers wander as they list,
And builds a bridge from Dreamland for his lay:
Then, as the touch of his loved instrument
Gives hope and fervor, nearer draws his theme,
First guessed by faint auroral flushes sent
Along the wavering vista of his dream.

-from Prelude to Part First of The Vision of Sir Launfal

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river?
Spreading ruin, and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep, cool bed of the river,
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river,
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
(How tall it stood in the river!)
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor, dry, empty thing
In holes as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan, (Laughed while he sat by the river), "The only way, since gods began To make sweet music, they could succeed." Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed, He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan
Piercing sweet by the river!
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan,
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man:
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ORPHEUS

William Shakespeare

Orpheus with his lute made trees, And the mountain-tops, that freeze, Bow themselves, when he did sing: To his music, plants, and flowers, Ever spring; as sun and showers, There has been a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play, Even the billows of the sea, Hung their heads, and then lay by. In sweet music is such art; Killing care and grief of heart, Fall asleep, or, hearing die.

THE POET AND HIS SONG

Paul Laurence Dunbar

A song is but a little thing,
And yet what joy it is to sing!
In hours of toil it gives me zest,
And when at eve I long for rest;
When cows come home along the bars,
And in the fold I hear the bell,
As Night, the shepherd, herds his stars,
I sing my song, and all is well.

There are no ears to hear my lays, No lips to lift a word of praise; But still, with faith unfaltering, I live and laugh and love and sing. What matters you unheeding throng? They cannot feel my spirit's spell, Since life is sweet and love is long, I sing my song, and all is well.

My days are never days of ease;
I till my ground and prune my trees.
When ripened gold is all the plain,
I put my sickle to the grain.
I labor hard, and toil and sweat,
While others dream within the dell;
But even while my brow is wet,
I sing my song, and all is well.

Sometimes the sun, unkindly hot,
My garden makes a desert spot;
Sometimes a blight upon the tree
Takes all my fruit away from me;
And then with throes of bitter pain
Rebellious passions rise and swell;
But—life is more than fruit or grain,
And so I sing, and all is well.



Index of Authors

BLAND, JAMES Adams, Marguerite Janvrin Carry Me Back to Old Virginny, 289 American History, 219 Branch, Anna Hempstead Antrobus, John Songs for My Mother: Her Hands, 117 Cowboy, The, 148 Arnold, Edwin Brooke, Rupert Swallows, The, 109 The Dead, 136 Brooks, Phillips Arnold, Matthew Everywhere, Everywhere Christmas Quiet work, 167 Shakespeare, 311 Tonight, 225 Auslander, Joseph Brooks, WILLIAM E. Blackbird Suddenly, A, 107 Memorial Day, 137 Brown, Alice Bangs, Edward Candlemas, 43 Yankee Doodle, 162 Brown, Kate Louise BARNES, VERNE Christmas Candle, The, 224 Way Down South in Mississippi, 271 Brown, T. Clarke BATES, KATHERINE LEE Rhode Island, 282 America the Beautiful, 127 Browning, Elizabeth Barrett BEECHING, HENRY CHARLES "Good from a Book", 305 Boy's Prayer, A, 313 How Do I Love Thee?, 54 BENÉT, WILLIAM ROSE Musical Instrument, A, 327 At Warm Springs, 39 Browning, Robert BENNETT, HENRY HOLCOMB Rest Remaineth, 75 Year's at the Spring, The, 68 Flag Goes By, The, 141 St. Patrick Was a Gentleman, 66 BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN Benton, Joel Song for New Year's Eve, A, 29 Twenty-Second of February, The, 57 Halloween, 192 BIBLE, THE Buchanan, J. A. First Christmas, The, 221 Oregon State Song, 280 Psalm: 147, A, 210 BUCHER, HELEN HALL BIERCE, AMBROSE Pennsylvania, 281 The Hero, The, 121 Burgess, Gelett BILLER, MATTHEW Adolphus Elfinstone, 316 American Freedom, The, 128

Burns, Robert
Red, Red Rose, A, 55
Burton, Katherine
November Eleventh, 204
Butterworth, Hezekiah
Crown Our Washington, 58
Immortal Morn, 179
Byers, S. H. M.
Song of Iowa, The, 261
Byron, George Gordon
Cincinnatus of the West, The, 58

Camden, Harriet Parker

Camden, Harriet Parker
Oklahoma, 279
Carleton, Will
Flash: The Fireman's Story, 317
Carman, Bliss
Trees, 95
Carr, Elias F.
Ode to New Jersey, 275
Chamberlain, C. H.
Illinois, 259
Cherry, Andrew

Green Little Shamrock of Ireland, The, 67

CHESTERTON, GILBERT KEITH Christmas Carol, The, 233 Donkey, The, 72 CLARE, JOHN Thrush's Nest, The, 109

CLARK, THOMAS CURTIS
It Shall Not Be Again!, 205
Prospect, 187
CLIFFORD, MARGARET ROWE

CLIFFORD, MARGARET ROWE Arizona, 252

Coatsworth, Elizabeth J. Bad Kittens, The, 195

COFFIN, ROBERT P. TRISTRAM
Secret Heart, The, 152
Way to Know a Father, The, 151

Cohan, Charles C. Montana, 272

Coleridge, Hartley November, 196

Cox, Kenyon Work, 166

Crashaw, Richard Christ Crucified, 73 CRAWFORD, ROBERT
U.S. Air Force, The, 125
CROSBY, FANNY J.
State We Honor, The, 254
CROWELL, GRACE NOLL
ASSURANCE, 75

DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY
Nature's Friend, 299
DAY, WILLIAM
Mount Vernon, the Home

Mount Vernon, the Home of Washington, 60

DE LA MARE, WALTER Music, 325 Old Susan, 306

DELAND, MARGARET WADE Easter Music, 76

DIERS, THEODORE C. My Nebraska, 273

My Nebraska, 273 Dobson, Austin

Ballad of Heroes, A, 133

Dodge, Mary Mapes Emerson, 310

Dresser, Paul On the Banks of the Wabash, Far Away, 260

DUNBAR, PAUL LAURENCE Columbian Ode, 180 Lonesome, 118 Poet and His Song, The, 329

Eaton, Arthur Dentworth Hamilton

Pray for the Dead, 197 EMERSON, RALPH WALDO Concord Hymn, 87 Forbearance, 314 Ode, 160 We Are Never Old, 238

Engle, H. E. see King, Ellen

FARRAR, JOHN
Prayer, 222
FAULKNER, SANDFORD C.
Arkansas Traveler, The, 253
FIELD, EUGENE
Star of the East, 224
Valentine, A, 52

FLETCHER, JOHN GOULD Lincoln, 44 FOLEY, JAMES W. North Dakota Hymn, 278 Foster, Stephen Collins My Old Kentucky Home, 263 Swanee River, 256 Fowler, Elsie M. Little Christ Child, 226 Frost, Robert Runaway, The, 301

GARRETT, ELIZABETH O, Fair New Mexico, 276 GARRISON, THEODOSIA Poplars, The, 97 GASTON, WILLIAM Old North State, The, 277 GILDER, RICHARD WATSON Birthday Song, A, 237 Builders of the State, 202 Inauguration Day, 38 John Paul Jones, 124 Motto for a Tree-Planting, 95 On the Life-Mask of Abraham Lincoln, 49 Violin, The, 326 Guest, Edgar A. Forgetful Pa, 153 Guiterman, Arthur Our Colonel, 190 What the Gray Cat Sings, 194

Hagedorn, Hermann Mother in the House, The, 116 HALE, EDWARD EVERETT New England's Chevy Chase, 88 Hammitt, Deecort Hail! South Dakota, 284 HARTE, BRET Dickens in Camp, 308 Reveillé, The, 121 HARTMAN, HELEN M. Moving Day, 177 Heber, Reginald Epiphany, 34 HEMANS, FELICIA DOROTHEA Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, The, 217

HERRICK, ROBERT Ceremony for Candlemas Day, A, 42 Corinna's Maying, 114 True Lent, A, 70 HINKSON, KATHARINE TYNAN Sheep and Lambs, 74 HOLLAND, JOSIAH GILBERT God Give Us Men!, 200 HOLMES, JOHN F. Old New Hampshire, 274 Holmes, Oliver Wendell Flower of Liberty, The, 159 Old Ironsides, 123 Hone, William First of April, The, 80 Housman, A. E. Lent Lily, The, 71 Howe, Julia Ward Lincoln, 48 Robert E. Lee, 36 Howells, William Dean In August, 164 HYNSON, GEORGE B. Our Delaware, 255

IRVING, MINNA Betsy's Battle Flag, 145

JACKSON, HELEN HUNT September, 165 JACQUES, EDNA Red Cross, The, 62 IOHNSON, E. PAULINE Song My Paddle Sings, The, 321 Johnson, Geoffrey First of April, The, 81 Jonson, Ben Wish, A, 238

Kalakaua, King Our Native Land, 294 Keats, John Meg Merrilies, 322 KEY, FRANCIS SCOTT Star-Spangled Banner, The, 130 King, Ellen & Engle, H. E. West Virginia Hills, The, 290 KIPLING, RUDYARD Feet of the Young Men, The, 171

McCrae, John LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE In Flanders Fields, 207 To Robert Browning, 307 McMahan, Helen LANIER, CLIFFORD October, 176 Edgar Allan Poe, 311 MEANY, EDMOND S. LANIER, SIDNEY Washington's Song, 290 Ballad of Trees and the Master, A, 73 MEYNELL, ALICE Tampa Robins, 108 Unto Us a Son Is Given, 227 LAZARUS, EMMA MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT Inscription on the Statue of Liberty, Winter Night, 215 MILLER, EMILY HUNTINGTON LINDSAY, VACHEL Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight, New Year Song, 27 MILLER, JOAQUIN In Praise of Johnny Appleseed. 99 Columbus, 182 Lomax, John A. MILTON, JOHN Home on the Range, A, 262 Song on a May Morning, 111 Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth Miner, Virginia Scott Christmas Bells, 230 Golden Spurs, 304 God's Acre, 198 Monroe, Harriet Midnight Mass for the Dying Year, 31 Washington, 56 Paul Revere's Ride, 90 Montgomery, Roselle Mercier Santa Filomena, 63 Armistice Day, 205 LOVEMAN, ROBERT Moore, Marianne Georgia, 258 In Distrust of Merits, 207 LOVER, SAMUEL Moore, Thomas Birth of Saint Patrick, The, 65 My Birthday, 239 LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL To My Mother, 120 Fatherland, The, 189 More, Hannah Fourth of July Ode, 158 January, 26 Book, A, 306 Morford, Sybil June, 139 Over His Keys, 327 Fairies, The, 193 Lyster, Mrs. Henry F. MORTON, DAVID Michigan, My Michigan!, 267 In a Girls' School, 243 MUNKITTRICK, RICHARD KENDALL MacKaye, Percy Autumn Haze, 169 Goethals, the Prophet Engineer, 84 Murray, Ellen Hymn of the New World, 82 Shepherd Dog of the Pyrenees, The, Marinoni, Rosa Zagnoni Ash Wednesday, 69 Maris Stella, Sister Nathan, Robert Ox and Donkey's Carol, 223 At the Symphony, 326 Markham, Edwin Neale, John M. Brotherhood, 185 Good King Wenceslaus, 234 Christ of the Andes, The, 85 NESBIT, WILBUR D. Creed, A, 185

Your Flag and My Flag, 144

O'Crowley, Denis

Washington, 56

334

Joy of the Morning, 107 Lincoln Triumphant, 44

Rules for the Road, 313

Prayer, A, 320

O'HARA, THEODORE
Bivouac of the Dead, 133
OSGOOD, FRANCES SARGENT
Labor, 166
O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR
Ode, 324

PARKER, HUBBARD Old Flag, 142 PARMENTER, CATHERINE To the Memory of John Burroughs, 98 PATMORE, COVENTRY Year's Round, The, 25 Perry, Josephine Hovey Hail, Vermont!, 288 PIERPONT, JOHN Ballet, The, 200 Fourth of July, The, 157 Poe, Edgar Allan Simple Duty, A, 55 Powell, Harry A. Here We Have Idaho, 258 Powers, Horatio Nelson New Year, The, 33

RAFFETTO, BERTHA Home Means Nevada, 273 RANDALL, JAMES R. Maryland! My Maryland!, 266 RANKIN, JEREMIAH EAMES Word of God to Leyden Came, The, Reese, Lizette Woodworth Christmas Folk-Song, A, 228 RICKARD, TRUMAN E. & UPSON, ARTHUR Hail! Minnesota!, 270 RILEY, JAMES WHITCOMB Boy's Mother, A, 119 Longfellow, 310 Monument for the Soldiers, A, 135 ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON Master, The, 46 ROBINSON, CORINNE ROOSEVELT Sagamore, 190 ROCHE, JAMES JEFFREY Panama, 83

RODMAN, FRANCES
Lost Dog, 301
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA G.
Easter Carol, An, 77
Hurt No Living Thing, 300
New Year Ditty, 29
ROSSETTI, DANTE G.
Young Firwood, A, 98
RYAN, ABRAM J.
Sword of Robert Lee, The, 36

Sabin, Edwin L. Easter, 78 Scollard, Clinton On the Eve of Bunker Hill, 150 Peace, 188 Winds of God, The, 188 Scott, Walter, Sir Christmas in Olden Time, 231 SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM Orpheus, 329 SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE To Wordsworth, 312 Sidney, Philip Ditty, A, 54 SIGERSON, DORA One Forgotten, The, 197 SIGOURNEY, LYDIA H. Indian Names, 174 SMITH, SAMUEL FRANCIS America, 131 Snow, Roger Vinton State of Maine Song, 265 Spenser, Edmund May, 110 STEPHENS, EVAN Utah, We Love Thee, 287 STEPHENS, JAMES Snare, The, 300 STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS Envoy, 306 My Valentine, 52 Vagabond, The, 314 STODDARD, RICHARD HENRY Lincoln's Birthday, 49 STOPHER, VASHTI R. Song of Louisiana, 264

SWETT, SUSAN HARTLEY
July, 156
TABB, JOHN BANISTER
Light of Bethlehem, The, 222
TEASDALE, SARA
December Day, A, 214
TENNYSON, ALFRED
Federation of the World, 184
Follow the Gleam, 320

Federation of the World, 18
Follow the Gleam, 320
May Queen, The, 111
Politics, 203
Ring Out Wild Bells, 28
Snowdrop, The, 41
Throstle, The, 155

THOMPSON, FRANCIS Child's Prayer, A, 228

THORNE, ANNA H.
Peace Universal, 186

Timrod, Henry
Carolina, 283
Ode for Decoration Day, 134
Tuck, Edward

Age, 237
Tutwiler, Julia S.
Alabama, 250

Upson, Arthur see Rickard, Truman E.

Van Dyke, Henry Work, 167 Very, Jones Tree, The, 96 WAID, WILLA MAE
When It's Iris Time in Tennessee, 285

WALLACE, WILLIAM Ross
What Rules the World, 120

Ward, Lydia Avery Coonley

Flag Song, 145 WATSON, WILLIAM

Song, 79

WHITMAN, WALT

O Captain! My Captain!, 50 Prayer of Columbus, The, 180 Song for the States, A, 246 This Dust Was Once the Man, 50

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF

At School-Close, 241 Chicago, 316 Harvest Hymn, 211 My Trust, 118 Poor Voter on Election Day, The, 201 Pumpkin, The, 210

WINTER, CHARLES E. Wyoming, 292

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM At This Farewell, 243 Pilgrim Fathers, The, 219 Written in March, 61

WRIGHT, GLADYS YOAKUM Texas, Our Texas, 286

WYNNE, ANNETTE
Hearts Were Made to Give Away, 53

YEOMANS, EDWARD S. Navajo Prayer, 170

Index of Titles

ADOLPHUS ELFINSTONE	Gelett Burgess 316
AGE	Edward Tuck
ALABAMA	Julia S. Tutwiler 250
ALASKA	Unknown 29:
ALL FOOLS' DAY	Unknown 80
	Samuel Francis Smith 131
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL	Katherine Lee Bates 127
AMERICAN FREEDOM, THE	Matthew Biller 128
AMERICAN HISTORY	Marguerite Janvrin Adams 219
ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MID-	
NIGHT	Vachel Lindsay 45
ARIZONA	Margaret Rowe Clifford 252
ARKANSAS TRAVELER, THE	Sandford C. Faulkner 253
ARMISTICE DAY	Roselle Mercier Montgomery 205
ASH WEDNESDAY	Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni 69
ASSURANCE	Grace Noll Crowell 75
AT GRADUATING TIME	Unknown
AT SCHOOL-CLOSE	
AT THE SYMPHONY	Robert Nathan 326
AT THIS FAREWELL	William Wordsworth 243
AT WARM SPRINGS	William Rose Benét 39
AUTUMN HAZE	Richard Kendall Munkittrick 169
BAD KITTENS, THE	Elizabeth J. Coatsworth 195
BALLAD OF HEROES, A	Austin Dobson
BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MAS-	
TER, A	Sidney Lanier 73
BALLOT, THE	John Pierpont 200
BETSY'S BATTLE FLAG	Minna Irving 145
BIRTH OF SAINT PATRICK, THE	Samuel Lover 65
	Richard Watson Gilder 237
BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD	Theodore O'Hara 133
BLACKBIRD SUDDENLY, A	Joseph Auslander 107
BOOK, A	Hannah More 306
BOY'S MOTHER, A	
·	

BOY'S PRAYER, A BROTHERHOOD BUILDERS OF THE STATE	Henry Charles Beeching
CANDLEMAS	Alice Brown
CAROLINA	Henry Timrod
CEREMONY FOR CANDLEMAS DAY, A	Robert Herrick 42
CHICAGO	John Greenleaf Whittier 316
CHILD'S PRAYER, A	Francis Thompson
CHRIST CRUCIFIED	Richard Crashaw
CHRIST OF THE ANDES, THE	Edwin Markham 85
CHRISTMAS BELLS	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 230
CHRISTMAS CANDLE, THE	Kate Louise Brown 224
CHRISTMAS CAROL, A	Gilbert Keith Chesterton 233 Lizette Woodworth Reese 228
CHRISTMAS FOLK-SONG, A CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME	7
CINCINNATUS OF THE WEST, THE .	0 0 7 7
COLUMBIAN ODE	George Gordon Byron 58 Paul Laurence Dunbar 180
COLUMBUS	Joaquin Miller
CONCORD HYMN	Ralph Waldo Emerson 87
CORINNA'S MAYING	Robert Herrick
COWBOY, THE	John Antrobus 148
CREED, A	Edwin Markham 185
CROWN OUR WASHINGTON	Hezekiah Butterworth 58
DEAD, THE	Rupert Brooke
DECEMBER DAY, A	Sara Teasdale
DICKENS IN CAMP	Bret Harte
DITTY, A	Philip Sidney 54
DONKEY, THE	Gilbert Keith Chesterton 72
EASTER	Edwin L. Sabin
EASTER CAROL, AN	Christina G. Rossetti
EASTER MUSIC	Margaret Wade Deland
EDGAR ALLAN POE	Clifford Lanier 311
EMERSON	Mary Mapes Dodge 310
ENVOY	Robert Louis Stevenson 306
EPIPHANY	Reginald Heber 34
EVERYWHERE, EVERYWHERE	מי מ
CHRISTMAS TONIGHT	Phillips Brooks
FAIRIES, THE	Sybil Morford 193
FATHERLAND, THE	James Russell Lowell 189
FEDERATION OF THE WORLD	Alfred Tennyson
FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN	Rudyard Kipling 171
FIRST CHRISTMAS, THE	The Bible
FIRST OF APRIL, THE	

FLAG GOES BY, THE FLAG SONG FLASH: THE FIREMAN'S STORY FLOWER OF LIBERTY, THE FOLLOW THE GLEAM FORBEARANCE FORGETFUL PA FORGETFUL PA FOURTH OF JULY, THE Henry Lydia Henry Will of Rile Ralph Edgar FOURTH OF JULY, THE	rey Johnson 81 Holcomb Bennett 141 Avery Coonley Ward 145 Carleton 317 Wendell Holmes 159 Tennyson 320 Waldo Emerson 314 A. Guest 153 Pierpont 157 Russell Lowell 158
GOD BLESS THE FLAG	t Loveman
GOLDEN SPURS	MacKaye 84 ia Scott Miner 304 eth Barrett Browning 305 1. Neale 234 w Cherry 67
HAIL! MINNESOTA!	in E. Rickard & Arthur Upson 270 rt Hammitt 284 ine Hovey Perry 288 enton 192 Greenleaf Whittier 211
HERE WE HAVE IDAHO	te Wynne 53 A. Powell 258 ise Bierce 121 Raffetto 273 A. Lomax 262 eth Barrett Browning 54 na G. Rossetti 300 MacKaye 82
IMMORTAL MORN	Chamberlain 259 ah Butterworth 179 Morton 243 n Dean Howells 164 ne Moore 207 IcCrae 207 wn 308 Lindsay 99 I Watson Gilder 38 H. Sigourney 174 wn 59

INSCRIPTION ON THE STATUE OF	
LIBERTY	Emma Lazarus
IT SHALL NOT BE AGAIN!	Thomas Curtis Clark 205
JANUARY	James Russell Lowell 26
JOHN PAUL JONES	Richard Watson Gilder 124
JOY OF THE MORNING	Edwin Markham 107
JULY	Susan Hartley Swett
JUNE	7 77 77 77
JONE	James Kussell Lowell 139
LABOR	Frances Sargent Osgood 166
FATHERS, THE	Felicia Dorothea Hemans 217
LENT LILY, THE	A. E. Housman
LIGHT OF BETHLEHEM, THE	John Banister Tabb 222
LINCOLN	John Gould Fletcher 44
LINCOLN	Julia Ward Howe 48
LINCOLN TRIUMPHANT	Edwin Markham 44
LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY	Richard Henry Stoddard 49
LITANY FOR HALLOWEEN	Unknown 192
LITTLE CHRIST CHILD	Elsie M. Fowler
LONESOME	Paul Laurence Dunbar
LONGFELLOW	James Whitcomb Riley 310
LOST DOG	
1031 1000	Frances Rodman 301
MARINES' HYMN, THE	Unknown 124
MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!	James R. Randall 266
	James R. Randall 266
MASTER, THE	James R. Randall
MASTER, THE	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110
MASTER, THE	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110Alfred Tennyson111
MASTER, THE	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110Alfred Tennyson111John Keats322
MASTER, THE	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110Alfred Tennyson111John Keats322William E. Brooks137
MASTER, THE	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110Alfred Tennyson111John Keats322
MASTER, THE	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110Alfred Tennyson111John Keats322William E. Brooks137Mrs. Henry F. Lyster267
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110Alfred Tennyson111John Keats322William E. Brooks137Mrs. Henry F. Lyster267Henry Wadsworth Longfellow31
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110Alfred Tennyson111John Keats322William E. Brooks137Mrs. Henry F. Lyster267Henry Wadsworth Longfellow31Charles C. Cohan272
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A	James R. Randall 266 Edwin Arlington Robinson 46 Edmund Spenser 110 Alfred Tennyson 111 John Keats 322 William E. Brooks 137 Mrs. Henry F. Lyster 267 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 31 Charles C. Cohan 272 James Whitcomb Riley 135
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A MOTHER IN THE HOUSE, THE	James R. Randall 266 Edwin Arlington Robinson 46 Edmund Spenser 110 Alfred Tennyson 111 John Keats 322 William E. Brooks 137 Mrs. Henry F. Lyster 267 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 31 Charles C. Cohan 272 James Whitcomb Riley 135 Hermann Hagedorn 116
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A MOTHER IN THE HOUSE, THE MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING	James R. Randall 266 Edwin Arlington Robinson 46 Edmund Spenser 110 Alfred Tennyson 111 John Keats 322 William E. Brooks 137 Mrs. Henry F. Lyster 267 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 31 Charles C. Cohan 272 James Whitcomb Riley 135
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A MOTHER IN THE HOUSE, THE MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110Alfred Tennyson111John Keats322William E. Brooks137Mrs. Henry F. Lyster267Henry Wadsworth Longfellow31Charles C. Cohan272James Whitcomb Riley135Hermann Hagedorn116Richard Watson Gilder95
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A MOTHER IN THE HOUSE, THE MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110Alfred Tennyson111John Keats322William E. Brooks137Mrs. Henry F. Lyster267Henry Wadsworth Longfellow31Charles C. Cohan272James Whitcomb Riley135Hermann Hagedorn116Richard Watson Gilder95William Day60
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A MOTHER IN THE HOUSE, THE MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON MOVING DAY	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110Alfred Tennyson111John Keats322William E. Brooks137Mrs. Henry F. Lyster267Henry Wadsworth Longfellow31Charles C. Cohan272James Whitcomb Riley135Hermann Hagedorn116Richard Watson Gilder95William Day60Helen M. Hartman177
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A MOTHER IN THE HOUSE, THE MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON MOVING DAY MUSIC	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110Alfred Tennyson111John Keats322William E. Brooks137Mrs. Henry F. Lyster267Henry Wadsworth Longfellow31Charles C. Cohan272James Whitcomb Riley135Hermann Hagedorn116Richard Watson Gilder95William Day60Helen M. Hartman177Walter de la Mare325
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A MOTHER IN THE HOUSE, THE MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON MOVING DAY MUSIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, A	James R. Randall
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A MOTHER IN THE HOUSE, THE MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON MOVING DAY MUSIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, A MY BIRTHDAY	James R. Randall
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A MOTHER IN THE HOUSE, THE MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON MOVING DAY MUSIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, A MY BIRTHDAY MY NEBRASKA	James R. Randall 266 Edwin Arlington Robinson 46 Edmund Spenser 110 Alfred Tennyson 111 John Keats 322 William E. Brooks 137 Mrs. Henry F. Lyster 267 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 31 Charles C. Cohan 272 James Whitcomb Riley 135 Hermann Hagedorn 116 Richard Watson Gilder 95 William Day 60 Helen M. Hartman 177 Walter de la Mare 325 Elizabeth Barrett Browning 327 Thomas Moore 239 Theodore C. Diers 273
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A MOTHER IN THE HOUSE, THE MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON MOVING DAY MUSIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, A MY BIRTHDAY MY NEBRASKA MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME	James R. Randall266Edwin Arlington Robinson46Edmund Spenser110Alfred Tennyson111John Keats322William E. Brooks137Mrs. Henry F. Lyster267Henry Wadsworth Longfellow31Charles C. Cohan272James Whitcomb Riley135Hermann Hagedorn116Richard Watson Gilder95William Day60Helen M. Hartman177Walter de la Mare325Elizabeth Barrett Browning327Thomas Moore239Theodore C. Diers273Stephen Collins Foster263
MASTER, THE MAY MAY MAY QUEEN, THE MEG MERRILIES MEMORIAL DAY MICHIGAN, MY MICHIGAN! MIDNIGHT MASS FOR THE DYING YEAR MONTANA MONUMENT FOR THE SOLDIERS, A MOTHER IN THE HOUSE, THE MOTTO FOR A TREE-PLANTING MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON MOVING DAY MUSIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, A MY BIRTHDAY MY NEBRASKA	James R. Randall 266 Edwin Arlington Robinson 46 Edmund Spenser 110 Alfred Tennyson 111 John Keats 322 William E. Brooks 137 Mrs. Henry F. Lyster 267 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 31 Charles C. Cohan 272 James Whitcomb Riley 135 Hermann Hagedorn 116 Richard Watson Gilder 95 William Day 60 Helen M. Hartman 177 Walter de la Mare 325 Elizabeth Barrett Browning 327 Thomas Moore 239 Theodore C. Diers 273

NATURE'S FRIEND	William Henry Davies 299
NAVAJO PRAYER	Edward S Vacmana
NEW ENGLAND'S CHEVY CHASE	Edward Friendt Wale
NEW YEAR, THE	77
NEW YEAR DITTY	Christin C D
NEW YEAR SONG	7777.77
NORTH DAKOTA HYMN	7 777 79 7
NOVEMBER	
NOVEMBER ELEVENTH	
	Katherine Burton 204
O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!	Walt Whitman 5c
O, FAIR NEW MEXICO	Elizabeth Garrett
OCTOBER	
ODE	TO 7.7 TYZ 77 TY
ODE	4 .7
ODE FOR DECORATION DAY	
ODD MO STRILL TERRITOR	Henry Timrod 134
	Elias F. Carr 275
	Harriet Parker Camden 279
OLD FLAG	Hubbard Parker 142
OLD MUNSIDES	Oliver Wendell Holmes 123
OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE	John F. Holmes 274
OLD NORTH STATE, THE	William Gaston 277
OLD SUSAN	Walter de la Mare 306
ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH,	
FAR AWAY	
ON THE EVE OF BUNKER HILL	Clinton Scollard 150
ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM	
LINCOLN	Richard Watson Gilder 49
ON THE TRAIL TO IDAHO	Unknown 147
ONE FORGOTTEN, THE	Dora Sigerson 197
OREGON STATE SONG	J. A. Buchanan 280
ORPHEUS	William Shakespeare 329
OUR COLONEL	Arthur Guiterman 190
OUR DELAWARE	George B. Hynson 255
OUR NATIVE LAND	King Kalakaua 294
OVER HIS KEYS	James Russell Lowell 327
OX AND DONKEY'S CAROL	Sister Maris Stella
on mid bornibi o omiob	
PANAMA	James Jeffrey Roche 83
PAUL REVERE'S RIDE	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow 90
PEACE	Clinton Scollard 188
PEACE UNIVERSAL	Anna H. Thorne 186
PENNSYLVANIA	Helen Hall Bucher 281
PILGRIM FATHERS, THE	William Wordsworth 219
POET AND HIS SONG, THE	Paul Laurence Dunbar 329
POLITICS	Alfred Tennyson 203
POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY,	227,100 2011,7001 203
	John Greenleaf Whittier 201
THE	Theodosia Garrison 97
PUPLARS, ITE	1.110.0001111

PRAY FOR THE DEAD	Arthur Dentworth Hamilton Eaton .	197
PRAYER	John Farrar	222
PRAYER, A	Edwin Markham	320
PRAYER OF COLUMBUS, THE	Walt Whitman	180
PROSPECT	Thomas Curtis Clark	187
PSALM: 147, A	The Bible	210
PUMPKIN, THE	John Greenleaf Whittier	210
	year creamen, warmen v. v. v.	
QUIET WORK	Matthew Arnold	167
RED CROSS, THE	Edna Jacques	62
RED CROSS DAY	Red Cross Bulletin	62
RED, RED ROSE, A	Robert Burns	55
REST REMAINETH	Robert Browning	75
REVEILLÉ, THE	Bret Harte	121
RHODE ISLAND	T. Clarke Brown	282
RING OUT WILD BELLS	Alfred Tennyson	28
ROBERT E. LEE	Julia Ward Howe	36
RULES FOR THE ROAD	Edwin Markham	
RUNAWAY, THE	Robert Frost	301
101,111,111, 1111		J
SAGAMORE	Corinne Roosevelt Robinson	190
ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN .	Henry Bennett	66
SANTA FILOMENA	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow	63
SECRET HEART, THE		_
	Robert P. Tristram Coffin	152
SEPTEMBER	Matthew Augald	165
SHAKESPEARE	Matthew Arnold	311
SHEEP AND LAMBS	Katharine Tynan Hinkson	74
SHEPHERD DOG OF THE PYRENEES,	777. 34	
THE	Ellen Murray	302
SIMPLE DUTY, A	Edgar Allan Poe	55
SINGING THE REAPERS HOMEWARD	77 7	
COME	Unknown	212
SNARE, THE	James Stephens	300
SNOWDROP, THE	Alfred Tennyson	41
SOFTLY THROUGH THE MELLOW	•	
STARLIGHT	Unknown	77
SONG	William Watson	79
SONG FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE, A	William Cullen Bryant	29
SONG FOR THE STATES, A	Walt Whitman	246
SONG MY PADDLE SINGS, THE	E. Pauline Johnson	321
SONG OF IOWA, THE	S. H. M. Byers	261
SONG OF IOWA, THE	Vashti R. Stopher	264
SONG ON A MAY MORNING	John Milton	III
SONGS FOR MY MOTHER: HER		
HANDS	Anna Hempstead Branch	117
STAR OF THE EAST	Eugene Field	224
STAR-SPANGLED BANNER	Francis Scott Key	130
STATE OF MAINE SONG	Roger Vinton Snow	
	-	

STATE WE HONOR, THE	Fanny J. Crosby 254
SWALLOWS, THE	Edwin Arnold 109
SWANEE RIVER	Stephen Collins Foster 256
SWORD OF ROBERT LEE, THE	Abram J. Ryan
•	, ,
TAMPA ROBINS	Sidney Lanier 108
TEXAS, OUR TEXAS	Gladys Yoakum Wright 286
THIS DUST WAS ONCE THE MAN .	Walt Whitman 50
THROSTLE, THE	Alfred Tennyson 155
THRUSH'S NEST, THE	John Clare 109
TO MY MOTHER	Thomas Moore
TO ROBERT BROWNING	Walter Savage Landor 307
TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN	
BURROUGHS	Catherine Parmenter 98
TO WORDSWORTH	Percy Bysshe Shelley 312
TREE, THE	Jones Very 96
TREES	Bliss Carman 95
TRUE LENT, A	Robert Herrick 70
TWELFTH NIGHT CAROL	<i>Unknown</i> 35
TWENTY-SECOND OF FEBRUARY,	
THE	William Cullen Bryant 57
UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN	Alice Meynell 227
U.S. AIR FORCE, THE	Robert Crawford 125
UTAH, WE LOVE THEE	Evan Stephens
,	
VAGABOND, THE	Robert Louis Stevenson 314
VALENTINE, A	Eugene Field 52
VIOLIN, THE	Richard Watson Gilder 326
•	
WASHINGTON	Harriet Monroe 56
WASHINGTON	Denis O'Crowley 56
WASHINGTON'S SONG	Edmond S. Meany 290
WAY DOWN SOUTH IN MISSISSIPPI .	Verne Barnes
WAY TO KNOW A FATHER, THE .	Robert P. Tristram Coffin 151
WE ARE NEVER OLD	Ralph Waldo Emerson 238
WEST VIRGINIA HILLS, THE	Ellen King & H. E. Engle 290
WHAT RULES THE WORLD	William Ross Wallace 120
WHAT THE GRAY CAT SINGS	Arthur Guiterman 194
WHEN IT'S IRIS TIME IN TENNESSEE	Willa Mae Waid 285
WINDS OF GOD, THE	Clinton Scollard 188
WINTER NIGHT	Edna St. Vincent Millay 215
WISH, A	Ben Jonson 238
WORD OF GOD TO LEYDEN CAME,	
THE	Jeremiah Eames Rankin 216
WORK	Kenyon Cox 166
WORK	Henry van Dyke 167
WRITTEN IN MARCH	William Wordsworth 61
WYOMING	Charles E. Winter 292
	2.42

YANKEE DOODLE		Edward Bangs .				162
YEAR'S AT THE SPRING, THE		Robert Browning				68
YEAR'S ROUND, THE		Coventry Patmore				25
YOUNG FIRWOOD, A		Dante G. Rossetti				98
YOUR FLAG AND MY FLAG .		Wilbur D. Nesbit				144
YULE-TIDE FIRES		Unknown				232

Index of First Lines

A flying word from here and there, 46 A gallant foeman in the fight, 36 A little scarlet emblem, 62 A man went down to Panama, 84 A monument for the soldiers!, 135 A picture memory brings to me, 118 A pioneer state built a College to share, 258 A song is but a little thing, 329 A spirit speeding down on All Souls' Eve, A star—a star in the west!, 82 A weapon that comes down as still, 200 Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting, 308 Across the azure spaces, 188 Across the pearly distance, 169 Across the years he could recall, 152 Adolphus Elfinstone of Nachez, 316 After volcanoes husht with snows, 85 Age is a quality of mind, 237 Ah! on Thanksgiving Day, when from East and from West, 210 Alabama, Alabama, 250 All hail to Pennsylvania, 281 All hail to the State that we honor, 254 All in the April morning, 74 All the long August afternoon, 164 And there were in the same country shepherds, 221 And what is so rare as a day in June?, 139 April, April, 79 Arise-'Tis the day of our Washington's glory, 58

A Flower unblown: a Book unread, 33

At Sagamore the Chief lies low—, 190 Ay, tear her tattered ensign down, 123

Because you passed, and now are not, 133 Before the listening world behold him stand, 326

Begone, you sir. Here, shepherd, call your dog, 302

Behind him lay the gray Azores, 182 Behold our first great warrior of the sea, 124

Blow, golden trumpets, sweet and clear, 76

Books are bridges, 304

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, 34

By the rivers gently flowing, Illinois, Illinois, 259

By the rude bridge that arched the flood, 87

Call on thy children of the hill, 283
Carolina! Carolina! heaven's blessings attend her, 277

Carry me back to old Virginny, 289 Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,

Come to this land of sunshine, 252

Dawn turned on her purple pillow, 214
Day of glory! Welcome day!, 157
Dear native regions, I foretell, 243
Deep loving, well knowing, 190
Down with the rosemary and so, 42
Dreaming along the haunted shore of time, 311

Easter day breaks!, 75

Father and I went down to camp, 162 Flash was a white-foot sorrel, an' run on Number Three, 317

For such as you, I do believe, 116
Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,
36

Four hundred years ago a tangled waste, 180

From dusk till dawn the livelong night, 145

From Ghoulies and Ghosties, 192 From the Halls of Montezuma, 124 From the mountains to the sea, 258

Gallant and gay in their doublets gray, 109 Get up, get up for shame! The blooming morn, 114

Gift of the living God to mortal man, 186 "Give me your tired, your poor", 127 Give to me the life I love, 314 Given, not lent, 227 Go, Cupid, and my sweetheart tell, 52 Go, little book, and wish to all, 306 God bless the flag! Let it float and fill, 141 God give us men! A time like this de-

mands, 200 God who created me, 313 Good King Wenceslaus looked out, 234 Grand State of Maine, 265

Hail! South Dakota, 284
Hail to Vermont! Lovely Vermont!, 288
Hark! I hear the tramp of thousands, 121
Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?, 314
Hats off!, 141

Have you ever heard the tapping of the fairy cobbler men, 193

Hawaii! sea-girt land!, 294

He lifts his hopeful eyes at each new tread, 301

Heap on more wood!—the wind is chill, 231

Hearts were made to give away, 53
Heaven is in my hand, and I, 107
Here the oceans twain have waited, 83
Here we come a-whistling through the fields so green, 35

Here's to you, belov'd Rhode Island, 282 Home of my heart, I sing of theel, 267 How do I love thee? Let me count the ways, 54

Hurt no living thing, 300

I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see, 184

I give you a land of sun and flow'rs, and summer the whole year long, 279

I hear the sullen cry of pain!, 300

I hear you, little bird, 107

I heard a cry in the night from a far-flung host, 137

I heard the bells on Christmas Day, 230

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls, 198

I love thee when thy swelling buds appear, 96

I met the boss; he wanted me to go, 147 I think I hear them stirring there, today, 205

I thought this day to bring to thee, 237 I walked this Easter morning in the wood, 75

I will make a song for these States, 246

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight, 52

If Candlemas Day be dry and fair, 42 I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old, 306

Immortal morn, all hail!, 179

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow, 207 In the days of President Washington, 99 In the far and mighty West, 292

In the Garden of Eden, planted by God,

In the pathways of heaven, 98 In the room at Warm Springs, 39 Into the woods my Master went, 73 Is this a Fast, to keep, 70 It is portentous, and a thing of state, 45

Labor is wealth,—in the sea the pearl groweth, 166

Land of the Empire builders, 280 Land of the mountains high, 287 Last night I crept across the snow, 222 Let me but do my work from day to day, 167 Light with the burning log of oak, 232
Like a gaunt, scraggly pine, 44
Lincoln is not dead. He lives, 44
Listen, my children, and you shall hear, 90
Little Christ Child, did you know, 226
Little Jesus, wast thou shy, 228
Little taper set tonight, 224
Lord of the Mountain, 170
Louisiana! Louisiana! That dear old state of ours, 264
Love well and pray for all thy dead, 197
Lover of children! Fellow heir with those,

Many, many welcomes, 41
Men said at vespers: "All is well!", 316
Minnesota, hail to thee!, 270
Mother's gone a-visitin' to spend a month
er two, 118

308

"My birthday!" What a different sound, 239

My country, 'tis of thee, 131
My mother she's so good to me, 119
My mother's hands are cool and fair, 117
My Nebraska, 273
My pa says that he used to be, 153
My poplars are like ladies trim, 97
My true-love hath my heart, and I have
his, 54

New Year met me somewhat sad, 29
No man knows his father till he sees, 151
North Dakota, North Dakota, 278
Not of the sunlight, 320
Not with the high-voiced fife, 188
Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger, 111
Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now

O beautiful for spacious skies, 127 O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done, 50 O hearken, all ye little weeds, 43

the Hunting winds are loose, 171

O land of gold, I sing to thee, 293 O, my luve's like a red, red rose, 55 O tenderly the haughty day, 160 October's lap holds patches, 176 Of votive lights there were only seven, 69 Off we go into the wild blue yonder, 125 Oh, hero of our younger race!, 56 Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam, 262

Oh! St. Patrick was a gentleman, 66 Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light, 130

Oh the hills of dear New Castle, 255
Oh, the West Virginia hills!, 290
Old Meg she was a gypsy, 322
On a lonely road quite long ago, 253
On the eighth day of March it was, some people say, 65

On this great day a child of time and fate, 38

Once more the liberal year laughs out, 211 Once when the snow of the year was beginning to fall, 301

One effort more, my altar this bleak sand, 180

One lesson, Nature, let me learn from thee, 167

Orpheus with his lute made trees, 329
Others abide our question. Thou art free,
311
Our fathers fought for Liberty, 178

Our fathers fought for Liberty, 158
Out on the breeze, 145
Over his keys the musing organist, 327

Pale is the February sky, 57
Pile high the hickory and the light, 215
Pixie, kobold, elf, and sprite, 192
Poet of Nature, thou hast wept to know, 312
Priscilla and John Alden lie at rest, 219

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky, 28 'Round my Indiana homestead wave the cornfields, 260

Say what you like, 299
Sing unto the Lord with Thanksgiving,

Singing the reapers homeward come, Io! Io!, 212

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves, 134 Softly through the mellow starlight, 77 Spring bursts today, 77 Spring still makes spring in the mind, 238 Stand straight, 313 Star of the East, that long ago, 224
Stay as the tree—go as the wind, 95
Stay yet, my friends, a moment stay, 29
Strengthened to live, strengthened to die for, 207

"Summer is coming, summer is coming",

Sweetness of Spring memories bring, 285

Teach me, Father, how to go, 320 Tell me of that Treasure State, 272 Texas, our Texas, 286 The American land is a land of freed

The American land is a land of freedom, 128

The barrier stone has rolled away, 78
The breaking waves dashed high, 217
The Cat was once a weaver, 194
The 'cellos, setting forth apart, 326
The Christ-Child lay in the ox's stall, 223
The Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap, 233
The cock is crowing, 61

The crost and crowning of all good, 185 The crocus, while the days are dark, 25 The end has come, as come it must, 241

The fairy beam upon you, 238
The first of April, some do say, 80

The goldenrod is yellow, 165

The graduates are going forth, 240 The Little Jesus came to town, 228

The mellow year is hasting to its close,

The moving is all over, 177

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat, 133 The proudest now is but my peer, 201

The robin laughed in the orange tree, ro8 The rolling wave is on thy shore, Jerseyland, my Jerseyland, 275

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home, 263

The winds have talked with him confidingly, 310

The word of God to Leyden came, 216 The year's at the spring, 68

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground, 110

There dwelt the Man, the flower of human kind, 60

There is a destiny that makes us brothers, 185

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear, 307

There was never a leaf on bush or tree, 26 There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle, 67

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares, 136

These little firs today are things, 98 These walls will not forget, through later days, 243

They say that man is mighty, 120
They say that the year is old and gray, 27
They tell us of an Indian tree, 120
This bronze doth keep the very form and mold, 49

This dust was once the man, 50 This man whose homely face you look upon, 49

Thou gallant Chief whose glorious name, 56

Thou wilt not cower in the dust, 266
Thou wouldst be loved?—then let thy
heart, 55

Through the dim pageant of the years, 48 Thy name, O Washington renowned, 290 Thy restless feet now cannot go, 73 'Tis Christmas Night! the snow, 222 'Tis spring; come out to ramble, 71 To stone memorials of a bitter loss, 204 Today the swards of heaven are merry, 81

'Twas June on the face of the earth, June with the roses' breath, 150

'Twas the dead of the night. By the pine knot's red light, 88

Under a sky of azure, 276

War will not always be, 187
Washington, the brave the wise the good,
59

Way down South in Mississippi, 271 Way down upon de Swanee Ribber, 256 'Way out in the land of the setting sun, 273

We are the music-makers, 324 We do not know—we can but deem, 121 We get no good, 305 We move, the wheel must always move, 203

We took it to the woods, we two, 310
Well worthy to be magnified are they, 219
West Wind, blow from your prairie nest,
321

"What care I, what cares he", 148 What flower is this that greets the morn, 159

What shall I say to you, Old Flag?, 142 What was he doing, the great god Pan, 327

When fishes flew and forests walked, 72 When indoor young ones club their wicked wits, 80

When music sounds, gone is the earth I know, 325

When Susan's work was done she'd sit, 306

When the scarlet cardinal tells, 156 Whene'er a noble deed is wrought, 63 Where is the true man's fatherland?, 189 Where may the wearied eye repose, 58 Who builds the state? Not he whose power, 202

Who goes there, in the night, 205 With a skill that knows no measure, 274 Within a thick and spreading hawthorn bush, 109

Work thou for pleasure, 166

Ye say they all have passed away, 174 Yes, the Year is growing old, 31 You ask what land I love the best, 261 You may call, you may call, 195 You must wake and call me early, 111 Your flag and my flag, 144

